

THE  
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GUSTAVUS THE THIRD OF SWEDEN;  
OR,

THE STORY OF A KING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JEW, GENTILE, AND CHRISTIAN.'

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DUKE OF SUEDERMANIA REFLECTS.

HE Duke and Duchess of Suedermania were closeted in their beautiful morning room, some months after the King's return; through the rose tinted heavy damask curtains the sun-rays came glowing into the chamber, casting a reddish light over the flourishing plants near the high bow-windows; in a French *bergère*, a little more stiff-backed than our own, reclined the pretty little Duchess; not far from her, against a book-shelf, leant the Duke. His handsome figure was well set off by a luxurious French dressing-gown, though his fine face had on it the shade of discontent and annoyance. His sprightly spouse cast every now and then a dubious glance at him.

'Mais, mon ami; tu n'est pas content de ce changement?'

The Duke answered not; the little Duchess waited a space and repeated her question.

'Tu n'est donc pas content?'

No answer. The Duchess waited again, and then rose and tripped up to her husband, looked into his face, took hold of his beard and said as sternly as she could:

'C'est sûr, tu n'est pas content.'

'Non,' was the surly reply.

'Et pourquoi pas?'

'Tu sais bien ; la Reine est enceinte.' The little Duchess flushed crimson, but her self-possession did not leave her, and she fired up in Swedish, which she spoke badly, being of German parentage.

'Look here, mon ami, do not taunt me for being childless; God, not I, knows whose fault it is. And is it not better to see the line go direct from father to son? I think here in Sweden they have had enough of crooked descent; a son of your dear brother will surely make a worthy Sovereign.'

'My dear brother; ha, ha, ha!' The Duke looked anything but brotherly.

'What is the matter with you, Charles? Je ne te comprends pas;' said the little Duchess angrily.

'A son of my dear brother will surely make a good Sovereign, you say, ma chère; I think his brother would have made a better.'

'Charles, this is wrong.' The little Duchess's eyes were filled with tears.

'It is not; in this world every man has to look to himself. If my brother chose to marry and keep his wife at that distance for years, he ought to have taken the consequences; for if he were not the imaginative, unreliable fool he is, he must know that he has raised hopes in others which cannot be quelled in a moment, and I am *not* the man to submit to it. You are childless, ma chère, and I suppose will remain so now; but whether I shall always be throneless is another thing; I'll reflect on it. Bon jour, ma petite.'

The Duke brushed a hasty kiss on his wife's forehead, and went stately from the room.

The little Duchess sat down again in her *bergère* and cried with vexation. What in the world did it all mean? Her spouse never was irritated against her, and surely something ugly had come between them. His irregularities had not much troubled her; she had overlooked them always, and generally revenged herself by some slight flirtations, but this misunderstanding seemed more serious. What did it mean? Her husband was angry because she was childless; well, what of that, she was not the Queen. Her husband wanted a throne. But it was wrong, very wrong to wish it; and the little Duchess burst out crying. She would have nothing to do with it, and she would plainly tell her grand husband so, when she saw him again, that he had no business to wish that which was not destined for him. The little woman's tender side was touched; she loved both the King and Queen, they had been faithful friends to her, and she made up her mind to be grateful and constant always to both—aye, rather to leave her vascillating, inconstant husband, than prove faithless in loyalty to those two noble souls.



So far her circle of reasoning went, further it would not go ; she called her *femme-de-chambre*, and went off to dress for '*le plein jour*' to pay her respects to her dear Magdalena.

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The Duke had gone back to his own snugery ; he locked the door and walked about in a disturbed state, grumbling out his reflections in spasmodic gusts, as if he could not control them.

'Little fool, can't make an instrument of *her* with her French ways—she has something like a conscience—I suppose her German Lutheran teaching. *She* wouldn't palm off anybody's child for her own ; *she* wouldn't help to stop that other child coming ; *she* wouldn't sow dissension between husband and wife. It's no use trying ; she would only compromise me, and tell out anything I have charged her with. No ; I must look further ahead—further on into time : there lies my opportunity. After all, what nice opportunities time brings, if one will but wait for it. Time rights everybody, only we are such a shortsighted set that we dash our heads against it, and forestall its course. Time will right me, I know ; the instruments will be found in time that will suit my purpose best—and *then* it will be my affair, to use them as they should be used.'

Where are my brother's other tender points ? There is one thing I have not understood yet—what he means to do with Christina Ecker-mann. Is the man in love with her, or not ? Does he mean to make her his mistress, or not ? Is he virtuous fool enough to think that he can rouse a storm of passion in such a girl and then allay it by patronising royal sympathy ? Bah ! my worthy brother is a great ass after all. He thinks he can subdue the Swedish aristocracy by a day's revolution ; he thinks he can reform his subjects, and make them wise, industrious, and sober, in a year ; he thinks he can curb that demoniac Russian Empress by a letter or a little skirmishing in Finland ; he thinks he can keep his wife from him for years, and then take her to his bosom like a clay figure ; he thinks he can overcome our dear mother's hatred towards her in a moment. Ha ! I have it : just *pour commencer*, we'll lay the mine that way. Suppose we start a little whisper in the Dowager's *entourage* about the Queen's virtue—just a little whisper. Magdalena has been such a saint, it would be quite refreshing to hear a little scandal about her. Chalk it up, Suedermania ; we'll try that first. Now, then ; how about Christina ? There is no doubt Christina is a grand, noble, single-minded woman—a being as far above our court ladies as was the Greek Diana to the Bacchante ; but Christina is mortal, and Christina—whoever she is, and I am not quite sure of her parentage, it puzzles me sadly—Christina *must* fall, and become mine—mine own, in spite of King, Queen, Queen-Dowager, the little

Duchess, or anybody else who chooses to say me nay. Suedermania is second to the throne as yet—Suedermania may not always be second; Suedermania is second in that woman's heart as yet—Suedermania may not always be second. *I* was born to rule, not *Gustavus*. An author's name might have fitted him; mine is the royal one. Mine is the right to possess a royal title, for I have the ambition to gain it, however it has to be done; mine is the right to engross such a woman as Christina, for *he* does not even value such a prize! Call *that* virtue? Blindness, I call it; moral, hateful blindness, that makes other people long and desire, and finally, commit crimes to gain their ends. Suedermania, where are thy instruments? For work once resolved on is work in hand.' He walked up and down, and reflected. He fetched out a small pocket-book, and read over a number of names and dates. 'Let me see,' he continued—'let me see. Rosenstein loves Christina; Christina loves the King without knowing it. The King is a domestic dotard just now. Christina is in Captain Liljehorn's hands. Liljehorn—why, I remember; there is no love lost. Liljehorn hates the King, to be sure—to be sure. Liljehorn has the key to various secrets. Liljehorn is my man. Dear Captain Liljehorn, we'll cultivate your acquaintance. For a little primary scandal at court, a court dame or two are sufficient. We'll manage to lay the train to-night at the *soirée* in the Castle. Magdalena must not become too strong and Gustavus too fond. Our royal mother can manage that nicely. She'll enjoy a little deterioration of the royal happiness.' The Duke had evidently got to a point where self-reflection loses patience, and the roused human passions of an evil heart begin to work. His face took a hateful expression; his tall stature bent forward with very eagerness; the veins on his forehead became swollen; he clutched his pocket-book, and struck with it the table before him in very frenzy.

'Curse that little intermeddling fool of mine for her officiousness in sending the Queen's letter to Finland! Curse that fate which gave me a soul above being a second brother! Curse the birth that made me such! Curse the fool—my brother—who keeps a woman like Christina Eckermann out of my grasp! I say curse the whole concern! I *will* be lord and master where I choose; and I'll find means where I can—foul or fair, just or unjust—to gain my purpose! There is no law for *me*. I am second to the throne; and royal personages are not bound like the meaner herd. I'll obtain my ends, and I'll lay up my plans now at once. The end *must* come, if Time is not a liar; and Time never lies, if we wait for it. Time will either wipe them all out of my path—one and all; or Time will bring *him* who



will do my bidding. Yes, Time will create what I may require when my patience is quite worn out—quite gone—quite exhausted; so that I need not soil my own fingers, but only direct the action of some one else's. Whose?—the Regicide's!

Exhausted, the Duke sat down, then started up to unlock the door—fell back on his chair, white foam was on his lips, his frame was in contortions. With desperation, his knotted hands tore the tie from his neck; and so the groom of the chamber found him half-an-hour later—almost lifeless, overcome by the terrible swaying passions of an evil and desperate nature.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### *THE QUEEN ASKS PROTECTION FROM HER HUSBAND.*

'My dearest sister,' said the Duchess of Suedermania, as she was admitted into the Queen's apartments some days after the conversation with her husband; 'my dearest sister, I have come to you in great trouble.'

'What is it? I have heard nothing,' said Magdalena placidly. The Queen looked remarkably well; her countenance beamed with happiness.

'May I say all I have heard? You will not be shocked? You will not cry and despond?' The little Duchess sat down on a low stool and took the Queen's hand. 'Promise me you'll not be vexed, for you must know it; it is the only way to kill that monster, scandal.'

'Tell me, dearest, quickly; you make me anxious.'

'There is a scandal going the round of the Queen Dowager's Court about you.'

'What?' and Magdalena caught hold of the Duchess, pale as death.

'You see, it frightens you, sister; there is a scandalous report about you in the Queen Dowager's Court,' repeated the Duchess, fully determined that the Queen should know the importance of what she said.

Magdalena rose to her full height, trembling but resolute; her white lips could not directly form an answer.

'I understand you want me to comprehend the weight of your words; but, sister, if you had known the responsibility of such an attack, you would have told my husband—not me. Give me a glass of water, I am faint.'

The poor little Duchess fetched the water from the side-table, and her tears flowed as she reached it to the Queen. 'Sister, dearest Magdalena, I had to do it; I dare not tell your husband; I must tell *you*, and in that rough way. I could not have got it out otherwise; oh, forgive me! it was my duty, indeed it was.' She thought of that dreadful conversation with the Duke.

'Who spread it?'

'No one knows how it came about; they say you consoled yourself in the King's absence.'

'Horrible; I shall go straight to the King.'

'Oh, pray do not, there will be a fearful feud! oh, do send for the Queen Dowager's ladies.'

'I shall *not*; it is my husband's part to take care of my reputation. He knows best if I deserve it; I shall at once proceed to his room.' The Queen stepped forward.

'What, without having been announced?'

'Yes, without it; kings and queens are human, and I feel at such a moment humanity is greater than royalty. Await me here.'

Magdalena went; the little Duchess cowered down again on her stool; she laid her head on the fauteuil the Queen had occupied and cried.

'We were so happy at last,' she whispered; 'I am afraid we are not destined ever to be purely happy here. I wish I were dead, I am afraid of the trouble that may be coming; I am such a horrible coward.' The poor thing did not even know how great her courage was.

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The King was in the same room in which we met with him first; his face seemed to have filled out; he looked quite *débonnaire* and appeared to work at his despatches and papers with less haste than formerly. Suddenly Rosenstein entered brusquely from the ante-room.

'Your Majesty, the Queen wishes to be admitted,' he said, hastily.

'What is it, what is it?' exclaimed the King, springing up from his chair.

She was already there, clinging round him with sobs.

'Sire, they want to take away my good name; oh, protect me—protect your Magdalena!'

'Who ventures to breathe a word?' cried the King, soothing his wife, and drawing her down on a chair.

'It is said that evil rumours are spread about me at the Queen Dowager's Court; oh, Gustavus, my husband at last, do not allow it! pray defend me, no one can do it but you!'

Magdalena had never been impassioned, but now wifedom and



coming motherhood both claimed their rights. She took the King's hands, she clasped them in her own; she looked imploringly at him, and the dried-up tears at last came welling to her beautiful soft eyes as she rested her head on his shoulder.

'My darling, my dearest, dearest wife; you shall be satisfied. Whatever respect I owe to my mother, this I will not permit; I must dive to the bottom of it and see you exonerated.' Then the offended manly pride rose in him and he exclaimed: 'It must be a cur, a dangerous cur, who has set this going; there is more behind it than we think. What enemy can we have who begins to shoot his slanderous arrows at us at such a time?' The King became uneasy; but he again returned to his wife to comfort her.

'Come, my darling, let me conduct you to your room and converse there half an hour with you; then I will at once proceed to my mother's apartments.'

They went, Rosenstein staring after them; they entered the Queen's chamber arm in arm, and found the Duchess still crying in the same position; she heard the King say:

'And who, dearest, brought you the news of this?'

'I did, sire,' the brave little woman answered. 'I thought it my duty to mention it to my sister the moment I heard it.'

'And from whom did you hear it, Duchess?'

'From my husband, your brother, she answered firmly.

The King bit his lip and stood transfixed for a moment; a shadow of pain passed over his countenance like a heavy presentiment. It was impossible not to know that this report had meant injury to the first child that was to be born him. He sat down, pale and weary; after a while he called the Duchess.

'Come here, dearest sister; do you know anything else? have we not always been friends?'

'Oh, yes, yes; I would rather die than be faithless to either of you; I could not live here without you. Do believe me, I did it from a good motive.'

'What has been said?'

'Oh, I cannot tell now; only there is a report, and the moment it flashed across my mind, when Suedermania told me, how dangerous it was I rushed to my sister to tell her.'

'But what did my brother say?' The King forced himself to say the word 'brother.'

'Oh, that it was shocking; that the Queen-mother should be ashamed of herself, but that he could not help it, as she never would listen to him.'

The King was startled; had his presentiment been a wrong one?

He said no more and remained with the ladies until he left his wife quieted and comforted. He went back to his room, dressed with care, called Rosenstein, and proceeded straightway to his mother's apartments.

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The Queen Dowager, in handsome brocade, was surrounded by some of her ladies; her beautiful daughter, Albertina, was absent on one of those pious visits that became later the object of her life; the room was one of the most sumptuous, though not the largest, in that immense palace, and was literally crowded with objects of vertu, with paintings and artistic modellings. The Prussian Princess, proud sister of Frederick II., leant back in her fauteuil and fanned herself with her exquisite French fan.

'So the Duchess of Suedermania took it much to heart, Countess Ankarstroem,' she said, turning to one of her ladies.

'Greatly, your Majesty; I heard she threatened to tell the King.'

'All the better; my son ought to know. Such things to be said of a Queen!'

'Does your Majesty think it will have disastrous consequences? The royal couple has only been re-united for some months?'

'How am I to know, Countess? surely a King knows how to guard his dignity; I know what I should do.'

'But your Majesty is so much more dignified than our Swedish customs allow; we are sadly wanting here.'

'Yes, the Court is getting more and more frivolous; people are admitted I should not admit. Did I not hear something about Eckermann visiting the Queen? It is horrible—an actress!'

'No wonder manners get loose,' chimed in Baroness Helmförs. 'My daughter shall not be presented.'

'Nor mine,' joined Countess Ankarstroem.

'His Majesty, the King!' the Groom of the Chambers announced from the ante-room.

The King entered quickly; he had heard the last few sentences.

'Be not afraid, Countess Ankarstroem, your daughter shall not be presented, nor your son either.'

'Pardon, your Majesty,' said the frightened, trembling Countess; 'he meant to ask a favour and a place at Court as page.'

'Then tell him not to; no son of my wife's traducer shall enter my palace. Mother, your Majesty, I am ashamed to hear the breath of slander on your very threshold.'

The Queen Dowager appeared a little fluttered: she had risen.

'Will my son, who now so seldom deigns to visit us, not at least take a seat?'



'No, mother; not till I know how this scandal originated?'

'What scandal?' asked the Queen imperturbably.

'Some scandal about my Queen, which it appears you, Madam, and your ladies were gloating over when I entered.'

'Surely my son is no eavesdropper.'

'Mother, you know I brook no insults. I must know the name of the person in your Court who originated this insolent attack on us.'

The Queen drew herself up: 'Gustavus, there is no attack upon you; it is said of your wife, Magdalena of Denmark, that she has not been discreet; that she received too many visits from a certain Danish Baron; that her faithful Danish attendant was turned away at a moment's notice, and that you ought to know it.'

The King became livid with anger: 'The woman was dismissed by my command; she had kept letters of the Queen from me and had altered their contents; the Baron you mention has been the worthiest old friend we have had. He saved Magdalena from despair, and has returned to Copenhagen to finish there his days, since my wife wants no longer his protection. Why, the man was as old as her father.'

'Old men are as bad as young ones.'

'Mother, not another word. I insist to know who spread this rumour; I know this is the punishment for my having neglected my wife, and consequently exposed her to the venomous attacks of others. But why were they not made before? They are made now, I feel, by an enemy, who wishes to destroy our peace, but who will not succeed. I must have the name.'

'And I, my son, shall not give it. I am here in right of my own sovereignty; I owe neither appanage nor protection to you, Sire. If your Majesty chooses to lose the respect to your mother, you must; I refuse absolutely, and decline to say another word on the subject.'

'Mother, you have ill chosen; it seems as if you had thrown out a fire-brand. I must bow to your absolute will as the wife of the late king, my father, but you will see that this will bring bad fruit. Others will profit by it. I take my leave with one warning: If I hear another word, the slanderer and the family of the slanderer quit my kingdom during *my* reign. Good-day, mother; good-day, ladies; remember to give the message, Countess Ankarstroem.'

The Queen kept her dignified posture, the two ladies looked aghast; it was far different to talk petty scandal behind the Queen's back than to speak out plainly in the King's face. They knew they were in the wrong, but their spite turned against their Sovereign and worked mischief, which one day would ripen into malignant hatred.

As the King went from that wing of the palace to his own, something sounded in his ear all the way: 'Ankarstroem, Ankarstroem,

Ankarstroem,' it whispered; he could not get rid of the word. Was it remembrance or prescience that teased his brain with that name. Ah, Suedermania was right—Time, if but waited upon, would surely bring opportunity. Time had already begun his work.

Rather depressed, the King entered his wife's room and found the Duchess still with her.

'Well, Sire, have you seen the Queen-mother?' exclaimed the Duchess.

'I have, but could only threaten; I could obtain no promise from the Queen to give up the originator of the calumny.'

Magdalena rose and went up to her husband; she looked him straight in the face.

'I am born for trials, my beloved husband; it is a bitter drop in my cup of happiness; oh! help me to bear it; I want but the assurance that I have your esteem—let the rest pass.'

'Magdalena,' said the King a little sternly, 'you should not even ask or doubt my esteem, my adoration almost; *I* am to blame, not you, and on my shoulders must fall the punishment. To know you, my sweet, innocent wife traduced, for some villain's purpose is horrible, is almost unbearable. But I dare not excite my mother further, I know her temper; she would stand at nothing, and I might light the torch of rebellion.'

He took the Queen in his arms. 'Magdalena, will you forgive me?' he said softly, 'and not let it prey on your mind so as to injure your health, and—and our child. I believe that's the purpose it is done for; my sweetest, dearest wife, do pray be supported; be strong, and do not disappoint my hopes of being a father and giving Sweden an heir.'

Magdalena, so close to her noble husband's heart, comprehended the request; she wound her arms round his neck and whispered sweetly, divinely in his ear:

'The happiness to give my Gustavus a son shall strengthen me.'

For a few moments the two were wrapt in each other's contemplation, and then Gustavus sat his wife gently down in her fauteuil. Suddenly he looked round: the Duchess was on her knees at the other end of the room, smothering her sobs in very agony of grief. He went up to her. 'What is it sister?' he said.

'I do not know, brother; I am weary; I wish I could die.'

'Nonsense, nonsense, little one; come and support our treasure there, and remain our own faithful sister.'

'And so I will,' she said earnestly and solemnly, far more than the occasion required.

Neither the King nor Queen could understand her motive, but



the remembrance of the Duke's conversation never left his wife a moment.

'By-the-bye,' asked the King sharply, 'Does either of you know anything of the Countess Ankarstroem? I saw her at my mother's.'

'A family of haters,' said the Duchess; 'they are all alike; they never forget and never forgive. Don't offend *them*, Sire.'

'Then I have.'

'I am sorry; but how, after all, can they harm our King? I think your Majesty's threat will have quieted further scandal.'

'May-be the open expression, but not the secret hatred. But come, Magdalena looks fatigued! I must have you rest now, dearest, and then we'll drive out to enjoy the beauty of nature while we forget the ugliness of mortal man.'

The King kissed his wife and withdrew; behind him stalked Time, watching for his opportunity.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### IS FRIENDSHIP GREATER THAN LOVE?

Love sat at the foot of its Galamiel, 'Friendship,' and learnt sweet lessons of harmony from his modest lips. Young Rosenstein came daily to see his sister 'Christina' and nurse her back to health, joy, and life.

Stockholm, in that spring, became the cynosure of many eyes. The fame of its king and its court spread through Europe. *We* even in our own day should look with interest and affection upon a young monarch who united the worship of Literature with the sterner duties of a monarchical sovereign, what was it not in those days? Europe has taken a leap in the space of a hundred years! From the end of the eighteenth to the end of the nineteenth century, human society has cleared a distance of which we have scarcely an idea; it has emerged from bondage and entered upon a new sphere, that of rational development in *all* its phases. There lie beneath that development many victims in their ghastly graves—those of the French Revolution; those of the wars of the First Empire; those of the home struggles of almost every country in Europe; those of the Liberation War of America; those of the Slavery war (for the contest between North and South was nothing else); those of the revolutionary risings on the Continent; those of weaker States against stronger witness the struggles of Greece against Turkey, Poland and Turkey against Russia, the Hungarians.

against Austria; those of asserted nationality as the German and Italian Unity Wars, and finally those of every form of human society for self-assertion. The world a hundred years ago and now is not the same; it was heaving underneath the thin surface of social superficiality hundred years ago, it is stalking about *now* with principles, conceived and prepared during centuries and propounded in our own.

We sit at home reading a romance by the firelight, in face of the cosy tea-table; we wonder a little how those in the romance treaded the errant paths of human life; but we no more realize the great onward process of which those few form a spec on the human horizon, than we realize the fact that *we*, actually *we*, are making history daily; it is but a man gone, a woman sacrificed; another rescued, a third triumphant; we love excitement of the chase and become devotees to its entrancing witchery; but as to seek deeper, we'll have none of it—it is not in our plan; it would require reflection, and we have not time or inclination to reflect. The great romance of human life never attracts us in its higher sense; we merely gratify a personal desire and allow the nobler lesson to pass us, because we are blindfolded with superficial amusement and encrusted with selfish worldliness.

Every romance, from the lowest penny tale to the highest artistical production, is a human cry—sent out into the world to tell us of fellow joy and fellow suffering, fellow happiness and fellow misery—and every romance has something teachable in it, whether it is drowned in masses of frivolity or put on a pedestal of intellectual power.

Could the record of events that drew the attention of Europe upon them, that were contiguous to the great fall of the first monarchical house in Europe, would this record make the reader reflect on such strange combinations? Scarcely. We love in an historical romance to have all chit-chat and description; to pull historical puppets as we pull those of daily life, and we care not for the great stream of political combination; but truth is truth and in the evident fear to be less interesting, less charming, we must still adhere to the truthful conception of historical life and present to the reader the images of a remarkable period as we see them, hoping that he or she *may* perceive the intricate combination of circumstance and the inevitable work of violent passions.

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So Stockholm sunned itself in notoriety; its King was an ambitious and a literary man; its Queen a pretty, graceful woman; its Court one of the liveliest among neighbouring States, adorned by the most beautiful women of the time; its morals were easy, without being profligate; its artistic tendencies and its political aspirations remarkable, and its men of note known to Europe. Stockholm was then a



favourite child of fortune and proud of its distinction; foreigners flocked to it; Englishmen visited it as much, if not more, than they do now; Frenchmen deigned to go, *du côté du nord*, to see this sprightly Northern Queen of the Lake; Germans came to learn wisdom, and Russians to conspire with Danes for a footing; it was a busy beehive of various interests and struggles and a fruitful bed of human vices and virtues.

A Chinese merchant had ventured so far and, charmed at his Court presentation with one of the most beautiful women, asked to know, how much would buy her, should he possess wealth enough not only to gain the prize, but also to keep her in state. The pretty Countess was ever after called, 'The Chinese Beauty.'

Amidst all this throng, Christina Eckermann shone like a crystal star of superior workmanship. Her heart seemed steeled against worldliness, her soul above the strife of every day life; a calm air of suffering had settled on her, and her bearing struck every beholder as that of a natural Queen. As her strength returned, she re-began her studies, and appeared again at the Court Theatre. To say that on the first night the place was crammed was nothing; not an available space could be met with, and 'a sea of human heads' was all the house could be compared to. The play of 'Ebba Brahe' had again been chosen for representation. As Christina came to the passage that first decided her fate, the King bent forward with breathless attention, the fine declamation was rendered more truthfully than ever, and a volume of applause followed it. The Queen, now by her husband's side, sent a magnificent bouquet to the general favourite. While this bouquet was handed to Christina, a parcel was also given her, that disclosed, on opening, a brilliant ring of immense value. Christina quietly put it aside, and refused it from whomever it might come; it was a vulgar tribute to such worth as hers. A sonnet accompanied the ring, begging her to wear it in the last act, and strange to say, the Duke of Suedermania never took his eyes off Christina's hand, smiling malignantly when he saw that no ring graced it. 'Time and patience gain all hands,' he murmured to himself.

Stockholm had again its great artistic actress; and yet this courted beauty never swerved from her own path. She quietly remained in Captain Liljehorn's house, and followed the routine of her studies and duties. The circle that gathered round the Captain grew every day more important, and the Duke of Suedermania, who was fond of visiting in private houses, became a more frequent guest.

Somehow, whenever he appeared, young Rosenstein followed him like a shadow; the Duke chafed at his brother's favourite attendant watching him, but he would not turn the young man out, and had to

submit to this espionage. Christina only appeared at rare occasions in the *salon*, and, when she did so, withdrew herself from the Duke's attention as much as possible. Rosenstein hovered round her like a protecting medium.

There seemed a change to have come over the Captain at this time; he became more morose, more planning, more ambiguous, and less attentive to Christina; a savage look at her escaped him now and then, as if he were baffled in something, and again a ray of joy lit up his sinister countenance, as if he meant 'to succeed still.'

Christina lived among this turmoil of boiling passions, her own life even relaxing only when her dear brother was near; they wandered together in fancy through charming, imaginative fields of their own making—reading, conversing, and sympathising with each other.

Perhaps it was a little difficult for the young enthusiast to constrain his passion, but he had to do it; he had to still that beating of his heart and throbbing of his temple, and had to approach his divinity like an ordinary being, of great beauty and great talent true, but still like himself—earthly, of the earth. Little by little Rosenstein learnt something by this tempered intercourse—that the gushing, exuberant love men give to women is selfish and only deifies the object, because it deifies its own desires, and that the respectful admiration and real recognition of a woman's noble qualities is worth a thousand times the former, for it raises her to an equality with the man himself.

The young man's own character became strengthened, and his King found him daily a more valuable friend.

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One day the two had been closeted over Russian and Turkish maps, for Rosenstein was an excellent draughtsman, when the King abruptly looked up: 'Has Scheffer come?'

'No, your Majesty.'

'Send to him at once; thicker clouds are rising on the horizon, we shall not remain long in this quiet state. I believe Frederick's Prussian campaigns have only inaugurated the advent of a new historical period. There is often a prescient feeling of coming disaster in me—and yet I should be so happy now!'

'Your Majesty deserves to be happy, for you, sire, care for your people.'

'Tush, tush! my young friend; after all I only work in my own way of thinking, there is selfishness in it still. Were it not for our stiff-necked aristocracy, that *must* be curbed, and for Catherine of Russia, by heaven! I'd work differently; I'd give Europe an example.'

'Of what, your Majesty?'



'Of freedom ; of a free king and a free people ; it's but a chimera, I know, but still I cultivate it sometimes.'

'Sire, do you not think every people has to pass through a gradual teaching before it becomes free, and that neither your Majesty nor any other monarch can give freedom ?'

'Wisely said, young man : freedom has to be acquired, for our civilisation seems to have lost a good portion of it. Well, then, let me try to lay the germs for acquiring it, even while I may appear despotic to the nobles. Rosenstein, do you think they are conciliated ?'

'No, sire ; they seem to cling to the Duke of Suedermania.'

'Ah, the Duke, my brother ; it is strange ; complications will come. What of him lately ?'

'I watch him, sire ; for he admires Christina Eckermann.'

'Jealous again, my boy ?'

'Sire, I feel I am a man ; for if necessary I should defend Christina's virtue with my heart's blood.'

'Rosenstein, Rosenstein ; what cause have you of complaint ?'

'Constant visits to the house of Captain Liljehorn, attempts to make Christina valuable presents, inordinate flattery when his Royal Highness is near her, and the expression of his eye.'

'Where is the Duke ? Has he returned from Ulrichsdahl ?'

'His Royal Highness is so busy in Stockholm ; he is here since yesterday.'

The groom of the chambers came to the door.

'Baron Scheffer—Your Majesty.'

'Admit him,' answered the King. 'Rosenstein, send this message instantly to my brother.'

'Yes, sire.'

Rosenstein went.

'Scheffer,' said the King, while he walked uneasily up and down, 'I am afraid my crown will not be one of roses ; I believe it will have a good many thorns in it.'

Scheffer came close up to his royal master, and looked at him earnestly : 'And suppose it had, sire, why should we look only for roses ? Remember the English Shakespeare :

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

'All very well, but I am held in bonds by usage. My aspirations would send me far ahead and the world fetters me. It chafes me, this diplomacy ; it frets me, this double dealing ; it grieves me, this tardiness of improvement. And Catherine always threatening at my left ; Scheffer, I shall go to see her !'

'What ! your Majesty.'

'I shall go to see Catherine of Russia.'

Scheffer laughed; he could not help it. 'Really, your Majesty, it is an original thought; she'll fall in love with you, sire.'

'I wish she would.'

'And her Majesty, the Queen?'

'Oh, not that way. I wish I could blind her, and *make* her be honest and come to terms.'

'Never, sire; it is not in human nature to expect it.'

'Well, well, we shall see. I tell you Scheffer, I shall go to Catherine, and see what I can do with her—when I have embraced my firstborn.'

A dark cloud passed over the King's face.

'Scheffer,' he went on, 'Charles is not sincere and not honest.'

Scheffer answered not.

'Do you hear, Scheffer?'

'I know it, your Majesty,' was the sad reply.

'The Duke of Suedermania,' announced Rosenstein.

Without ceremony the King's brother walked in. A wave of the hand from the King dismissed Scheffer; Rosenstein retired.

The brothers stood opposite each other. The King's forehead flushed up, and a small vein on the right temple became swollen.

'Suedermania, I want to speak to you.'

'I have come, Gustavus;' and the Duke threw himself into a fauteuil.

'I cannot make roundabout speeches; I want to know why you frequent the house of Captain Liljehorn so much; the man's loyalty is none of the soundest.'

'Gustavus, playing mentor? My dear brother, I don't care a straw for Captain Liljehorn's loyalty; I shall go where I like.'

'Really? Would it not be better to restrain your wishes a little?'

'Not in the least; not the slightest reason for it. I'd go twelve times to see *once* Christina Eckermann, if you want to know.'

'And why?' asked the King, disdainfully; his face was getting white as marble.

'Why? Because I admire her.'

'Merely for Platonic admiration?'

'Do you want her yourself, Gustavus?'

The King raised up his hand to strike the speaker, but let it fall directly.

'It's a paltry insult, after all, and not worth attention,' he said passionately.

The Duke had perceived the gesture, and looked on unconcerned.

'Hit the point, eh, Gustavus? that woman is a prize; worth all our royalties.'



The King mastered his anger by a superhuman effort, and placed himself right before his brother.

‘Suedermania, I cannot forbid your going there, for you would not obey me if I did; I shall have you watched, and so help me God, if you dare to injure that girl’s reputation I’ll have you punished, for it would be *my* fault—I brought her on the stage.’

‘Charming, charming, your Majesty; knight-errantry in our time? Rather late though; like master like man; it is only necessary to call in Rosenstein for your second. Does Magdalena know of this worship at beauty’s shrine?’

‘Dare to mention *that* name again, Charles!’ There was a magic in the King’s voice no one could withstand.

Suedermania rose and turned rather pale, but kept his self-possession.

‘Bye-bye, my royal brother; when shall I come again to give account of my actions?’ Then he looked hard at the King and said deliberately, ‘Gustavus, you are a fool and will one day repent it; I helped you to get a real throne, not one granted by permission of the nobles, and you kick the stool by which you mounted. Take the consequences, they *will* come.’

He stalked off: in his train went time and opportunity, while the King threw himself tremulously into a fauteuil.

\* \* \* \* \*

This conversation took place a fortnight after the miserable scene with the Queen-Dowager—troubles were coming thickly.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE FIRST ENCOUNTER.

THE glorious summer lay over Stockholm; in its warm embrace the northern land had bloomed into the richest hues. The green hills above the town drew an emerald circle round it; the blue lake below smiled a happy welcome to those who glided on it; the shipping went on briskly, and the call of the Swedish sailors was heard from morn to night. Rich people had summer-houses on the heights, and went to them in the warm season to enjoy the magnificent *coup d’œil* over the scene, and wander amidst the shady, hilly districts. Captain Lilhorn had taken one of these houses for a few months, and several times a week the family rowed up the lake, and laying-to at the foot of one of the hills, mounted it. Here the prettiest country-house

awaited them. It appeared to Christina as if more luxury were used in the arrangements and more money were spent; and Christina did not like it, for she was now alone. Ulrica had long left her as mysteriously as she had come.

'Whenever trouble or Satan come near thee, my child, I shall be at my post,' was her valediction. 'For all the theatrical business, you are a good girl still.'

Rosenstein and old Ulrica were fast friends; perfect confidence existed between these two.

A charming morning invited the Captain to spend the day out. Christina eagerly agreed; so did the spinster-sister. Just as they were leaving Rosenstein appeared, and begged hard to be allowed to join them; the [royal family were to leave next day, and then he should be unable to be with Christina as often as he wished. The Captain evidently demurred; but, afraid to arouse suspicion, he gave way, and, rather ungraciously, allowed Rosenstein to be of the party.

Christina had donned a light summer dress, almost as simple as she had worn on Tjörn; her magnificent, long-streaming hair was covered by a wide straw-hat; and the air, the brightness of the day, and Rosenstein's company, brought back the old roses to her cheeks. Her eye shone clearer than it had done for some time; the former joyous, happy feeling returned. Christina forgot the world, its troubles and cares, and became the independent, thoughtless girl she had once been.

On they rowed. Christina began a Swedish song, Rosenstein joined; and the two carolled into the summer air like two happy children.

'Now, Captain Liljehorn,' exclaimed Christina, 'what is the matter? You look for all the world like the navigator over the Styx, ready to take us to the nether world.'

'I have something better to think of than you and your companion.'

'To be sure you have. There are all the secret political conclaves to be remembered, there is the old hatred to be nursed, and there is my lineage to be deciphered. What an enigma, surely, it has been to you, Captain? Cost you several years. Now, come cousin, you must say for once you are baffled.' There was a malicious, merry twinkle in Christina's eye.

The Captain scowled. 'Christina Eckermann, I wouldn't play with edged swords; remember you cannot do without me.'

'Why should I, Captain? The friendship so strangely begun on Tjörn has now lasted some years; surely, surely it can never break. Are you not my natural protector? Are you not going to give me my real position? Come, cousin, be candid; it has not quite gone as you expected.' And Christina laughed a merry laugh.



'Leave me alone,' growled the Captain, forgetting his politeness, and drawing his hat over his eyes.

'I wish, Captain Liljehorn, you would know how to speak to Christina.' Rosenstein fired up.

'Ah, do *you* presume on your position, sir? We may square one day. I don't want to quarrel to-day; so go on in your mad way both of you, and do not trouble yourselves about me.'

Rosenstein did not like the style in which he was addressed; but when he looked into Christina's face he saw a painful expression, and suppressed his anger.

They arrived at the place of landing; Captain Liljehorn and his sister walked on, Christina and Rosenstein followed. They chased each other up the hill, and merrily threw themselves into the deep grass when they arrived on the top. What was that? A magnificent tent had been raised, a splendid collation awaited them in it, and a few servants with the Duke's livery were in attendance. Rosenstein turned from it in disgust. Christina positively refused to touch a morsel. She became pale and thoughtful, and laid her hand softly on Rosenstein's arm.

'My protector,' she whispered, while she looked at him with her big, swimming eyes.

'To life's end, Christina, fear not.'

The Captain fussily entered the tent with his sister, and partook of what there was; the two others gathered strawberries and regaled themselves with them, paying in their merry mood, no attention whatever to the splendour prepared for them.

'We shall return early, shall we not, Captain?' said Christina to Liljehorn, as he came from the tent, having drunk as much wine, or rather more, than was good for him.

'When I choose,' was the swaggering answer.

Both were startled and remained silent; they wandered again down the hill to look for the boat, for some hours had now elapsed; but, lo, no boat was to be seen. It was gone. They looked at each other and smiled in perfect trust.

'Let us go back and leave by the road way,' said Rosenstein.

Christina took his hand. They remounted. Violent words came from the tent, and the last they heard was—

'It is your fault, Captain; you could have prevented it.' It was the voice of the Duke of Suedermania.

Christina clutched Rosenstein's arm.

'Fear not, sister,' he said; 'my heart's blood shall be shed for you.'

Then Christina saw her folly to excite this brave boy more—

'My dearest brother,' she replied, 'I think I can answer for myself.'

The Duke caught sight of them. 'What a pretty pair you make,' he called out; 'quite idyllic, quite romantic. Come here, Mademoiselle Christina, and allow me to pay my respects.'

Christina drew herself up. 'Your Royal Highness will forgive me. I did not expect the pleasure of your company, and I positively decline to be of your party. I have no right to carouse with the husband while the wife is away, and I esteem myself equal in standing to any lady in the land, below that of Her Majesty the Queen.'

'H'm, prettily said; I wish my little Duchess heard it; she is rather proud of her parentage.'

'So am I; it is as royal as yours.'

'To be sure, by the left hand; suppose a bastard in some way;' snarled the Captain.

'Liljehorn, one more insult to Christina, and this sword passes through you.' Rosenstein had come in uniform.

'How boys do brag, to be sure; cool yourself, pretty page, we are used to braggadocio,' sneered the Duke.

'Ha, if you will but cross swords with me, I do not even dread yours, Duke; a wretch is a wretch, be he of royalty or the populace.'

'What?' thundered the Duke.

'I have said it and shall *not* unsay it.'

'Here, take this braggard prisoner,' the Duke screamed out to his attendants.

'Never, while Christina is unprotected,' exclaimed Rosenstein; 'only over my body you will get at her, for that is your aim.'

The powerful Duke advanced. 'Then I shall do it myself,' he called out; 'who shall gainsay me? Not even my brother, the King.'

The youthful pair stood on the alert; the Captain fell back, his sister clung to him and screamed; the attendants held themselves ready to do their master's bidding. Hark! there sounded something below on the lake which no one had expected; it was the song of the royal bargemen; every one knew it, for Gustavus had had it taught to the crew, admiring the rise and fall of manly voices above all other musical sounds. The song ceased, for Christina had drawn out her white handkerchief and waved it frantically to the barge that passed below. Steps came up; the Duke fell back; the Captain subsided; the sister screamed no more; Rosenstein and Christina stood close to each other, and when Gustavus, with his Queen and the Duchess of Suedermania, Countess Fersen and Scheffer appeared up the hill, all stood in an expectant attitude.

'What good company,' said the King, as he glanced round; 'you look so dramatic; are you rehearsing? Who waved the handkerchief?'



I remembered it to be Suedermania's summerhouse last year, and the Duchess would make us mount. Have we disturbed you ?'

'No, no, brother ; it was a surprise ; we hoped you would pass this way, for I knew you were coming up the lake, and I had invited these good people to meet you.' For once he quailed before the King's clear eye.

The ladies surrounded Christina ; the gentlemen gathered into a knot, and the King showed no sign that he doubted his brother's motives. He conversed with ease ; accepted the proffered hospitality, and did not allow his Queen to observe his own suspicions. All played their part until the royal party left, taking with them the others ; since, strange to say, neither the Captain's nor the Duke's boats arrived in time.

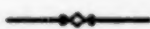
\* \* \* \* \*

The next day, Rosenstein had a private conversation with his royal master ; and Christina Eckermann knelt at the Queen's feet, imploring her to protect young Rosenstein from the Duke's attacks, just as the King entered his wife's boudoir to commune with her on Christina's future abode.'

(To be continued.)

## THE ORPHAN'S WRONG.

BY FRANCIS PEEK.



THERE is, perhaps, no sadder sight on earth than that of an orphan family gathered round a grave where the body of their last remaining parent has been lowered into the dust. It is difficult to hear, unmoved, the sobs of the elder children bitterly conscious of all they have lost; or to see the half-frightened, half-anxious expression on the faces of the younger, who are yet unable fully to realise the fact that their father and mother will never come back to them again—that never more will they see a father's face or know a mother's care. One ingredient only is wanting to fill to overflowing their cup of misery, namely, that these desolate orphans be also destitute: and as they turn away from the grave, where not only their parents, but love, home, and joy are buried, shall meet no kind friends or relatives ready with tender sympathy to wipe away their tears and speak words of kindness and consolation; but only the parish officer waiting to carry them off for interment in the gloomy union workhouse, where henceforth they will breathe an atmosphere of pauperism and vice, under the influence of those abandoned men and women who make that house their home; where they will be forced into the companionship of the children of these depraved parents, contact with whom must contaminate them both in body and mind.

Can any picture of woe and misery be more complete? And yet such is the condition of about fifteen thousand English orphan children, who, deprived by early death of a parent's care, now drag out their dreary existence within our workhouse walls. It is true that English men and women do feel some pity for orphans. Perhaps no prayer in the beautiful Litany of the Church of England meets with warmer response than that which entreats the great Father to protect and provide for all fatherless children, and all that are desolate and oppressed; but evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of



heart, and still more by that indolence which leads people so often like the man described in the fable to cry to heaven for help instead of putting their own shoulders to the wheel.

It is a surprising fact that the rulers of this country which is already so overburdened by pauperism, and where the pauper spirit is demonstrated to have a constant tendency to become hereditary, should not only make little effort to cut off the entail from those already possessing it, but should actually sanction the surest method of increasing this pauper class by bringing up every destitute child in a pauper atmosphere, with a pauper's companions and surroundings, and affording it no home but the poorhouse, a course of treatment which can hardly fail to make such orphans paupers too. It must, moreover, not be forgotten that, besides the result obtained from such a course of treatment being disastrous both to the future of the children and to the community, the process is in itself most cruel. How sad must be a little orphan's life in the dull dreary workhouse nursery, where there are no pictures to enliven the grim whitewashed walls, no toys to raise their infant glee, no tender women to teach the little ones how to play; no kindly look of affection to return their infant glances that seem to plead for love.

A lady who had adopted one stated that what struck her as most sad was that the little infant child, about eighteen months old, actually did not know how to kiss.

From the dreary life of the workhouse nursery, the next step for the orphans is to the workhouse school, where they are mixed with the depraved children of depraved parents, and where, when sick, they share the wards with adult paupers, a large proportion of whom are the refuse of the population, and the worst of characters. The ailments of the children are often slight, and in the sick ward they have nothing to do but to listen to the conversation of the adults, much of which is such as no child should ever hear, and that this unfortunately exercises a fascinating influence upon them is shown by the fact that a workhouse visitor in her report says:—

School teachers often complain to me that they cannot prevent the children from endeavouring to catch cutaneous diseases from each other, owing to the attraction of the sick wards.

In these workhouse schools not only are the surroundings and atmosphere pauperising, but the schoolfellows and companions of the orphans are paupers, or the children of thieves, tramps and women of bad character, who only enter the workhouse for a brief period fresh from haunts of vice and crime, to which they will speedily return; but not till they have contaminated their orphan companions with

ophthalmia and other loathsome bodily diseases, and filled their minds with not less loathsome ideas and thoughts. The district schools in other respects a vast improvement to the workhouse, are still open to this serious objection, as is shown by recent disclosures at Anerly and elsewhere.

Having thus trained our desolate destitute orphans to live without affection, to count pauperism, as its natural state of existence, and the poorhouse its home, to which it may at will return ; having furnished it with precociously wicked, and well learned in vice, at about thirteen or fourteen years of age, the children are turned out to fight their way in the world, and, as far at least as the girls are concerned, with such result as might be expected. Ignorant of domestic duties they soon tire the patience of their mistresses, without the restraining influence of the thought that some one cares for them, they become reckless ; deeply imbued with vicious ideas from their childhood's associates, they become most vicious.

The following extracts from the writings of those who have well studied the subject, show the fearful result of such (elaborate) training for evil :—

A workhouse matron declared that, of 300 orphan children she had known, she did not believe one was doing well.—*Journal of the Workhouse Visiting Society* 1859.

In a workhouse with which we are acquainted, the poor abandoned women, stripped to the waist, would dance, madly shouting the obscenest songs. An outburst of the noisiest insubordination was accounted for by the master thus: 'You see, sir, they are the girls who have been brought up in the workhouse.'—*Children of the State*, pp. 20 and 22.

In one case, out of 165 girls apprenticed, 18 only were reported as doing well, and within three years 73 had returned to the workhouse.—*Ibid.*, p. 23.

In another, out of 160 provided with clothes to enable them to get employment, within two months and a half 58 found their way back to the workhouse.—*Social Science Association Report*, 1860.

Out of 180 who left Cork workhouse, 60 returned within a brief period.—*Journal of Workhouse Visiting Society*, 1860.

The history of 80 prostitutes having been investigated, they were all found to be workhouse girls.—*The Philosophy of the Poor Laws*, 1865.

The officer of the Kirkdale School says, 'The number of girls who fell who went from that institution was painful to think of—it was so large.'—*Poor Relief Committee*, 1862.

Some institutions for the rescue of fallen women object to receive those brought up in a workhouse, 'their cases are so hopeless.'—*Rescue Society Report*.

The workhouse life, half penal, half humanitarian, wholly demoralising, is a bad place of refuge for any ; but for the infant and the child



no place can be worse. What man or woman of ordinary humanity would not shrink with horror at the thought of their own children being brought up within its walls. How then will they answer, when the human wrecks caused by this horrid system plead against their selfish indifference which has caused such ruin. In ancient days children were passed through the fire to Moloch. We, in truth hardly more humane, first pray the great Father to protect and provide for the fatherless orphans, and then consign them to gloomy workhouses, over whose gates well might be written, 'Orphans who enter here, leave hope behind.'

The alternative systems of bringing up destitute orphans, namely, either in district schools, or by boarding them out in cottage homes, will be considered on another occasion.

# SIR HENRY LAWRENCE:

A BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY.

BY COLONEL W. F. B. LAURIE.

DR. JOHNSON emphatically assures us that no species of writing seems more worthy of cultivation than biography, 'since none can be more delightful or more useful, none can more certainly enchain the heart by irresistible interest, or more widely diffuse instruction to every diversity of condition.' There is a powerful charm to be found in narratives of the lives of particular persons, to which we readily conform our minds, as containing 'circumstances and kindred images' which, with not a few of us, mark 'the story of our lives from year to year.' Keeping such ideas steadily in view, we affirm, without hesitation, that for the earnest youth of the present generation, for a simplicity, a grandeur, a strength, a sublimity of character, which shining forth in the day of trial must ever keep up the fame of old England throughout the world, no better study can be presented than the eventful life of Sir Henry Lawrence.\* To officers who can look back on a long Indian service, some of whom will recollect the energetic cadet at Addiscombe, and watched the Indian career of our 'hero in the strife' till his glorious death at Lucknow, the study of such a life is intensely interesting. To Englishmen who have never visited the East, but many of whom, in these uncertain times—when beating swords into plough-shares appears to be as far distant as ever, and nation is still on the alert to rise against nation—may find themselves sooner than they reckon on in any part of the world, ready to uphold the honour of Great Britain, the careful reading of such a life will perhaps do more real good than such biographical studies as Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, 'the most extraordinary man, perhaps, who

\* 'Life of Sir Henry Lawrence. By the late Major-General Sir Herbert Benjamin Edwardes, C.B., K.C.S.I., and Herman Merivale, Esq., C.B.'—1872. 'Lives of Indian Officers, illustrative of the History of the Civil and Military Service of India.' By John William Kaye (now Sir John Kaye, K.C.S.I.)—1869.



ever appeared in the world,' as the great Lord Clive, 'the heaven-born general,' or even as our loved hero of heroes, the illustrious Wellington, who 'exhausted nature and exhausted glory.'

The biographer of the iron King of Sweden, the King who

—left a name at which the world grew pale,  
To point a moral or adorn a tale,

thinks that conquerors are a species between good kings and tyrants, partaking most of the latter, and have a glaring reputation. Still, we are naturally eager to know the most minute circumstances of their lives. The biography which has lately been so favourably received by the public, and especially by those who love to study the character of India's immortal roll of heroes and statesmen, in the first volume by Sir Herbert Edwardes, most successfully carries out the idea of 'minute circumstances;' while, in the second, the more serious and business-like part is most admirably executed by Mr. Merivale, under whose careful eye and experienced judgment the whole of this most noble work has been ushered forth into the world. Into such a life as that of Sir Henry Lawrence we have assembled together some of the finer qualities which distinguished the foregoing immortal trio; and here and there we find traits which also remind us of Nelson, Howard (Lawrence was styled 'the Howard of the Punjab'), Chalmers, Havelock and Neill; and, greatest quality of all for success in life—on which Sir Fowell Buxton has laid so much stress—he had ENERGY in a wonderful degree. Although rather late in the day, to keep a promise conveyed in our last paper on Periodical Literature in India, \* and give some of the leading points in such a life, may be of interest to readers of the DARK BLUE.

Before perusing the complete 'Life of Sir Henry Lawrence,' the student would do well to make himself master of the hundred or more pages devoted to our hero in Sir John Kaye's 'Lives of Indian Officers.'

These interesting and graphic sketches—drawn by a master-hand—being 'illustrative of the History of the Civil and Military Service of India,' and written on the principle 'that the best biographies are those in which the autobiographical element is the most prominent,'† will, even in these distracting times for much reading, create a desire to go right through the larger volumes, causing the young soldier and statesman *in esse* to read, as we all should read, in the words of Shakspeare—

As if increase of appetite had grown  
By what it fed on.

\* DARK BLUE for Sept., 1872, p. 77.—'Notes.'

† 'Lives,' p. 400.

Henry Montgomery Lawrence was born at Maturah, in Ceylon, on the 28th June, 1806. His father, every inch a soldier, was garrisoned in that island, after very distinguished service in the South of India, particularly at the second siege of Seringapatam, where, as Lieutenant Lawrence, under General Baird (the mighty Sir David), he commanded one of the two subalterns' parties\* appointed to cover the forlorn hope at the memorable assault of that fortress (4th May, 1799). Judging from his extraordinary military career, most interesting details regarding which are furnished by Sir Herbert Edwardes, Alexander William Lawrence must indeed have been a first-rate officer, and in martial adventures what his countrymen style 'a broth of a boy!' He seemed to laugh at impossibilities, and say, 'It *must* be done!' on all occasions; and, doubtless, 'he only wanted the opportunity which rank gives to have done great things.' His 'God-fearing' wife appears to have been a pattern of womanly goodness; and when little Henry arrived on the stage of life, on which he was destined to play so prominent a part, the proud mother had every reason to say, as she afterwards did to a lady at Galle, 'There's *my* Matura diamond.'

With such parents, it was quite to be expected that a rare jewel would be presented to the world. The son 'achieved greatness,' and so made all the setting for it himself. Henry Lawrence's career at Addiscombe forms a most interesting study, bringing forcibly out the truth of the saying that 'The boy's the father of the man.'

At Addiscombe, we learn that Henry was always asking the 'reasons' of things, and 'tracing effects to their cause.' Although such inquisitive power—if it may be so called—may hinder rapid progress at school or college, still the habit is invaluable towards forming a great statesman, and, in some respects, a great soldier. The very facts of his being 'best in mathematics,' and fond of 'making military surveys of the country round,' go some way to prove how strong the desire must have been within him to ask reasons and questions; and we find this desire running all through his life, and especially during many of the gravest events of Indian history, from the first Sikh war to the glorious relief of Lucknow. Perhaps, when a brother cadet (Robert Macgregor) saved him from drowning—as Sir John Kaye remarks, 'the one noticeable incident of Henry Lawrence's early life'—he was anxious to learn the hydrostatic and pneumatic principles by which such a catastrophe could have taken place.

Regarding the school and Addiscombe career of Henry Lawrence.

\* 'Lieutenant Hill (74th), writes Colonel Alexander Beatson, historian of the war with Tippoo Sultan, 'commanded the right Subaltern's party.'



Sir Herbert Edwardes sums up 'in a few home words of the brothers and sisters,' which will amply repay perusal; but the following must be cited as one of the most interesting passages in the book:—"I remember my brother Henry" (says Sir John)\* "one night in Lord Hardinge's camp, turning to me and saying, 'Do you think we were clever as lads? *I don't think we were!*' But it was not altogether that we were dull. We had very few advantages, had not had very good education, and were consequently backward and deficient. We were both bad in languages, and always continued so, and were not good in anything which required a technical memory; but were good in anything which required thought and judgment. We were good, for instance, in history. And so far from Henry being *dull*, I can remember that I myself always considered him a fellow of power and mark; and I observed that others thought so.'" Thus we have the secret of the two brothers' success in life. They possessed those qualities in which the majority of public men are deficient, despite ever so much learning—tact and judgment. Perhaps, as a rule, we should call no man dull till we know him well, or opportunity brings him out. Who would ever have imagined that young Walter Scott, far from '*dun*' in his class, with a cluster of boys beside him listening to his recital of some strange tale, would have become the immortal author of '*Waverley*' and '*Marmion*'?

It has been truthfully remarked, and we have heard it from the mouth of a shrewd Indian General, who knew him in the morning of life, that none of his contemporaries predicted that our hero would live to outstrip them all. A hundred dull youths becoming great men might be cited. And on ripe manhood also we should restrain our judgment. Sir Henry Lawrence—in India great before—became immortal at Lucknow. And the famous General Neill—the avenging angel of the Sepoy rebellion—almost unknown before, became immortal in his glorious march to assist Havelock, and punish the mutineers. The present writer well recollects Neill during the second Burmese war. He gave one the idea of a pleasing gentleman, out of an ordinary soldier. He was rather sparing of his remarks, but you got a telling smile from him, if no more. His manner was decidedly retired, while we marched north with the view of clearing the new conquest of Pegu of dacoits and other disturbers of the peace in the 'golden' valleys of Burmah. His modest offer of assistance, after a long day's march, to give the author of '*A Narrative of the Second Burmese War*' some notes for a chapter on the relief of

\* In a 'Conversation with the Author.' Sir John, now Lord Lawrence, G.C.B., K.C.S.I., late Viceroy of India. For the other 'home words,' see vol. i., pp. 30, 31.

Pegu—and he faithfully kept his word—will never be forgotten. He had written a history of the 'Services' of his own, the First Madras European Regiment, which bore the brunt of our early victories in India, and has 'Arcot,' 'Plassey,' and eventually had 'Lucknow' engraved on its colours. But time passed on. There was gradually more energy displayed by Neill in Turkey, while in command during the Crimean war. Next came the terrible mutiny; the dormant energy burst forth in its full brightness; and then Neill imitated with a vengeance the action of the tiger:

And died he not as heroes wish to die?

Doubtless those who had the honour of knowing or serving under Sir Henry Lawrence, notwithstanding his hitherto brilliant career, never expected the wonderful energy and forethought displayed at Lucknow, which, with his best actions, we see slightly foreshadowed in his early life as a cadet at Addiscombe.

At length 'Aunt Angel' fits out Henry; the Colonel (his father) 'wouldn't hear of it;' and he takes his departure for India. He arrived in February, 1823, and joined the head-quarters of the Bengal Artillery at Dum-Dum, not far from Calcutta. And now life commences in earnest in 'the nursery of captains' and of able politicals. In eleven chapters—making twelve in all—Sir Herbert Edwardes does his utmost to produce a wonderful biographical study; and the very minuteness of the biographer's details forms, we think, the chief excellence of his volume. There is nothing of the water-colour sketch about the picture. It is a genuine portrait, on which we look with the same interest as on a portrait by Reynolds, Lawrence, or Raeburn. The lights and shadows are admirably brought out. The noble rivalry between the brothers to help their parents—the influence of religious friends—the varied events of the first Burmese war, where Henry first smelt powder, concluded by a fever and the peace dictated at Ava (1826) by Sir Archibald Campbell—form the chief subjects of the second chapter. In the third, through sheer perseverance, Henry passes the examination for interpreter at Cawnpore. In the fourth, Henry marries Honoria Marshall, 'a model wife,' which wise act reminds us of the remark of an able Calcutta reviewer, while writing on married life in India, that 'did the Court of Directors' (now her Majesty's Secretary of State for India in Council) but understand their real interests as well as the Athenians did theirs, they might perhaps make it imperative that their officers should, on entering the service be provided with a wife.' In India, through a good wife men's minds are regulated, 'their ideas and manners become softened



and their souls are cared for.\* Mrs. Lawrence's 'thoughts about death,' in a letter to her husband at the end of this chapter, are very affecting.†

The fifth chapter—from 1838 to 1841—contains speculations on another war with Burmah (which did not take place till 1852), and war with Nepal—the first note of the Cábul War—Lawrence's wise resolution to write for the press the 'Adventures in the Punjab,' shortly after his first political appointment—concluding, after wonderful examples of mental energy and devotion to the service of the State, with the death of his little daughter. This is a chapter which requires especial study. The *mens æqua in arduis* becomes strongly apparent. There is also an impending duel, and a wife's beautiful remonstrance; the duel was prevented by Henry Lawrence's brother officers in the artillery, and an age was beginning to dawn when it was thought that, for an affront, there was little satisfaction in shooting a man, or in carrying out the eloquent but unruly Grattan's advice to his son, just as the Irish orator was about to leave the world, 'Always be ready with the pistol!'

This affair leads Sir Herbert Edwardes to remark on the cessation of duelling in the British army, which had been slightly prevalent a quarter of a century before:—'He who would judge the error fairly must go back a quarter of a century [to just before Waterloo]. Then a duel was "an affair of honour." Now it is a "disgraceful affair." To shrink from shooting your neighbour then was to be a coward for life. Now we may be allowed even to shrink from being shot, and bear no cross.‡

The sixth and three following chapters are pregnant with interest: and not the less so at the present time, when our first Anglo-Indian Field Marshal, the noble and gallant Sir G. Pollock, 'the head of the great representatives of the old Company's army, who won and maintained our great Indian Empire,' has so recently found an honoured resting-place in Westminster Abbey (Oct. 16th, 1872). Sir George was a Bengal artilleryman, belonging also to a family which carried out Bacon's fine expression of 'achieving greatness,' and Indian artillerymen were among the pall-bearers—of whom, doubtless, Sir Henry, had he been spared, would have formed one—who consisted of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Geo. Lawrence, K.C.S.I., C.B.; Major-Gen. Sir V. Eyre, K.C.S.I., C.B.; Sir J. W. Kaye, K.C.S.I.; Major-Gen. Sir Geo. McGregor, K.C.B.; Major-Gen. Sir J. Brind, K.C.B.; and Lieut.-Gen. Sir J. Alexander, K.C.B. The Right Hon. Lord Lawrence, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., Sir Henry's brother, followed in order of procession, just

\* 'Calcutta Review,' No. 8, p. 406, vol. iv. † pp. 164, 165. ‡ p. 195.

before the Members of the Council of India, the Duke of Argyll and the Council having felt, with admirable taste and feeling, that the glorious old Abbey was the only fit place to receive Pollock's honoured remains.

We now return to Henry Lawrence, as great events are on the gale, and begin to think there is every chance of Mr. Hudleston's prophecy becoming true, which he made to Henry's sister, Letitia (who was unwilling to let him go), just before our hero's departure for India: "You foolish thing," he said; "Henry will distinguish himself. All your brothers will do well, I think; but Henry has such steadiness and resolution that you'll see him come back a general. *He will be Sir Henry Lawrence before he dies.*"\* To the student of Indian history, the sixth chapter is invaluable. It prepares him for the great drama of the War in Afghanistan, so ably written by Sir John Kaye; and when 'Alps upon Alps' of difficulties were arising in every direction, he finds Lawrence serving bravely in the midst of them. General George Pollock had been dispatched with a force to the Afghan frontier. Sale and Macgregor wrote from Jellalabad, urging the immediate advance of Pollock's brigade, and Lawrence, Wild, and their gallant comrades were repulsed in an attempt to throw in supplies. The Khyber was yet to be forced, and everything was black as storm-threatening night. But after such darkness, as the German poet sings, cometh the light of morn—"suddenly the brightest light springs from the darkest day." The political services of Captain Lawrence in Afghanistan at this time were very valuable. Soon came preparations for an attack on the Khyber Pass (related in the eighth chapter), Pollock's advance and victory, Lawrence's renewed exertions; the eventual dismantling of Jellalabad and Ali Musjid; and next the return to 'Home, sweet home'—the whole forming in Sir John's pages one of the saddest and most eventful histories ever written. The student, with this biography beside him, should thoroughly master it; and, as old Colonel Lawrence said, when one of his children having finished Rollin's 'Ancient History' 'closed the last volume with an exulting bang,' 'begin it again at the beginning.'† It may here be interesting to note that the 'Life of Washington' made a lasting impression on Henry Lawrence's mind; and another biography read to the children, under the discipline of the Colonel, was the 'Life of Sir Thomas Munro,' one of the greatest soldiers and statesmen England and India ever had, so much admired by George Canning, and whose example continued to influence the future hero of Lucknow during his brilliant career.

\* 'Calcutta Review,' No. 8, p. 32, vol. iv.

† p. 30.



In the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth chapters, extending from 1842 to 1844, we have Lawrence as active as ever—Lord Ellenborough rewarding him with high appointments, and eventually making him Resident at the Court of Nepaul. Numerous most important events in the history of India follow, all of which are touched on in a most interesting manner by the gallant biographer, whose bright day of distinction was also fast drawing nigh.\* The concluding or twelfth chapter describes the scenery and manner of life in Nepaul, where, in a former paper on Periodical Literature in India, we found the great political watching and waiting, and, while a Sikh Invasion of British India and the Mutiny of 1857 had been foreshadowed, with great energy assisting his brother officer, Mr. Kaye (the editor), with contributions for the 'Calcutta Review.'

So much, then, for the first volume of the 'Life of Sir Henry Lawrence,' compiled by Mr. Merivale's 'dear friend and scholar in Indian Administration and Statesmanship, Sir Herbert Edwardes.' Sir Herbert, who, while in England, had been entrusted by the Lawrence family to write a memoir of Sir Henry, died in December, 1868, leaving chapter xii. unfinished. Mr. Merivale, Under Secretary of State for India, now became the biographer, and, having arranged the first volume for publication, began the second from the materials left him at the point at which he took up the work. The difference of style in the two volumes has been considered remarkable; but superiority has been assigned to Mr. Merivale, who, having more striking and recent materials to deal with, has, as a distinguished writer, produced a book worthy of the graceful American, Washington Irving, or some of our best English writers of biography, forming the brilliant half of a most interesting biographical study.

With two such admirable volumes before him, should the reader be—as Major Straith, of Addiscombe, used to recommend to the student of fortification—'thorough in his study,' he will be forced to the inevitable conclusion after their perusal that the great Indian officer appears to have been eminently fitted for every post he occupied. Throughout his life he comes forth as 'the right man in the right place.' Whether as artillery subaltern fighting his battery; revenue surveyor; political agent; adventurous traveller; conciliator of native soldiery; philanthropist and founder of the noble asylums which bear his name; writer of elaborate essays, 'gravid' with important matter, on a variety of subjects for the 'Calcutta Review,' or of sketches for the

\* Mr. Merivale writes that, 'Sir Herbert's best-remembered title to the gratitude of his countrymen was gained in the three months, May to August, 1848, when, with a mere handful of men at his disposal, he kept in check the revolted Sikhs before Mooltan.'—*Preface*.

newspapers; one haranguing the natives in their own language and fearlessly telling the warlike races of India that England could hold her own in the country despite whatever might happen to us elsewhere;\* or as the prudent, brave, and energetic commander of troops during the crowning scene of India's 'severest trial'—on every occasion he displayed extraordinary powers, forcing us to repeat what Johnson said of Addison's various ways of presenting truth—'*mille habet ornatus, mille decentur habet.*'

The second volume consists of eight chapters, with some valuable appendices. The years 1844, 1845 are about to become a critical time for India, the latter year even more so than 1842, when Lord Ellenborough succeeded Lord Auckland, and the Khyber was yet far from being forced. Henry Lawrence's literary pursuits, assisted by his admirable wife, in Nepaul, and the foundation and early history of the Lawrence Asylum, are fully detailed at the commencement of Mr. Merivale's volume. Regarding the literary pursuits we have already spoken in the DARK BLUE. † Sir John Kaye is the grand authority on this subject; and the later biographer remarks that this distinguished writer 'was united to Sir Henry by the bonds of strong personal friendship, and also by those which exist between editor and contributor.' Who would have thought that the 'sweet and gentle boy,' of whom his amiable sister said she could not 'recall his ever telling an untruth,' or the 'rather tall, raw-boned youth of sixteen,' at Addiscombe, 'with high cheek-bones, small grey eyes, prominent brows and long, brown hair'—a 'very rough Irish lad'—would ever have become a Calcutta reviewer, unless we accept the fact, not common with the critical brotherhood, that 'he could, when necessary, take or give a licking with a good grace?' Mr. Merivale gives a list, which we believe not to be complete, of Sir Henry and Lady Lawrence's contributions to the 'Calcutta Review,' among them the famous essays on 'Military Defence of our Indian Empire,' 'The Seikhs and their Country,' 'Indian Army,' 'Army Reform,' and 'Englishwomen in Hindostan' (by Lady Lawrence). Of Sir Henry's as well as of Sir Herbert Edwardes' style as reviewers we have already given slight specimens in the sketch of Anglo-Indian periodical literature. But there was one point we did not touch upon—the handwriting of the Nepaul reviewer! Sir John Kaye tells us in his 'Lives' ‡ that 'his handwriting was not the most legible in the world, and the copyists whom he tried only made matters

\* The author of this sketch is responsible for the incident of Lawrence thus addressing the natives. If memory serves right, it happened when the Crimean War was at its height, and an uneasy feeling existed about our success before Sebastopol.

† DARK BLUE, for August, 1872, p. 645 to 647.

‡ p. 115.



worse.' It was not, perhaps, quite so bad as that of the great Divine, Philosopher, and Statesman, Dr. Chalmers, whose mother frankly declared that she always put Tom's letters in her drawer in order that he might read them to her himself when he came home; but it was certainly defective, and cost East Indian and native compositors (who do the printing business in India) much trouble. This reminds us of some remarks by Samuel Rogers, the gifted and amiable author of 'The Pleasures of Memory.' He said it is inexcusable in anyone to write illegibly, and tells us that he got a plain hand by tracing the master's copies against the window; also that when the great Lord Clive informed his sisters by letter that he had returned them an 'elephant' (at least, so they read the word), the true word was 'equivalent.' In the middle of 1844, the recall of Lord Ellenborough had arrived in Calcutta, and Sir Henry, afterwards Lord, Hardinge, was now Governor-General. The first Sikh war, throughout which Lawrence's knowledge of the Punjab was invaluable, and which was very highly appreciated by Lord Hardinge, together with his appointment of Resident at Lahore, form strong landmarks in our hero's career; and when at length, events having become of a more peaceful character, after the war he left India, on account of his health, for England, and was made a K.C.B. (April, 1848), returning to India the same year, he seemed to be in a fair way to exhaust glory if not nature. He was now—fulfilling Mr. Hudleston's prophecy—SIR HENRY LAWRENCE—determined to do his duty before he died! A useful rather than a glorious life seemed to be his aim. And Sir Henry appears to have been well aware of the truth conveyed in the beautiful verse of Gray's immortal elegy:—

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike th' inevitable hour:  
The paths of Glory lead but to the grave.'

When he returned to India, Lord Dalhousie was Governor-General,\* and his relations with that stern, and, as some think, greatest Indian Proconsul, are admirably told by Mr. Merivale. Of course, the annexation and the non-annexation policy could not agree for a moment. Lord Dalhousie, too, was quite unlike the amiable 'old Peninsular hero,' and 'favourite pupil of Wellington in his greatest wars,' Lord Hardinge. Sir Henry's views regarding annexation are thus summed up in his article on Oude in the 'Calcutta Review,'

\* His Lordship arrived in Calcutta on the 12th of January, 1848, shortly before Sir Henry left for England, where he arrived in March, returning with his wife in November.

quoted by Sir John Kaye, and which is quite in accordance with the policy we are pursuing at the present time:—‘We have no right to rob a man because he spends his money badly, or even because he ill-treats his peasantry. We may protect and help the latter without putting the rents into our own pockets.’ He was Resident at Lahore and President of the Lahore Board after the Second Sikh War (1849), which ended in the annexation of the Punjab.

We now pass on to chapter xviii. of the work (January, 1853—March, 1857), which contains an account of Sir Henry’s valuable labours as Agent in Rajpootana, where, among other humane projects, he turned himself to the abolition of widow-burning, and ‘the reformation of the prison discipline of the States,—quite in keeping with his other noble efforts, such as rescuing poor European soldiers’ children from the unseen wretchedness of barrack life, and giving them a comfortable asylum on the Hills—the sad death of Lady Lawrence, Lord Dalhousie’s succession by Lord Canning, and Sir Henry’s appointment to the Chief Commissionership of Oude. The story of his wife’s death, about which Mr. Merivale gives some striking extracts from Sir Henry’s letters, is very sad, and some of his remarks after the event to his friend (‘spiritual director’), Mrs. Hill, deeply interesting:—‘He “wonders why we are allowed to sin and to suffer, why some are born to bliss, and others to misery.”’

‘He “desires to be assured that he and his departed wife must hereafter dwell together.”’ And yet this brave Christian soldier, with a heart brimful of charity, must have been aware of the merciful promise that the mysteries of our

— natures unrevealed below,  
We yet shall learn and wonder as we know.

Doubtless, when his bereavement—producing what the Orientals style ‘sorrow devouring sorrow’—was less acutely felt, he found, like the puritan Havelock, comfort in the Divine order to ‘be not faithless but believing.’

Our imperfect sketch, or biographical study, draws to a close, and the crowning effort of a most glorious career is nigh. The terrible mutiny of 1857 was prophesied by Sir Henry Lawrence years before it took place. In this year he was entrusted by the Governor-General with ‘the chief direction of military as well as of civil affairs’ in Oude, and became a brigadier-general.\* The last two chapters of

\* It may also be added that Sir Henry Lawrence, in the event of the death or the retirement of Lord Canning, was appointed Provisional Governor-General by the Home Government. ‘No soldier of the Company’s army,’ writes Sir John Kaye, ‘had ever been so honoured.’



Mr. Merivale's most interesting volume, Sir John Kaye's graphic pages, and the pens of other writers, have done our noble 'hero in the strife' full justice; so it would be simple presumption to attempt adding anything to such vivid descriptions. Our chief object here has been to draw the attention of all students—especially those who are preparing for India—to one of the most glorious lives which have adorned the nineteenth century—that of 'a distinguished statesman and a most gallant soldier.' The particulars of his death are most affecting. During his superhuman exertions at the siege of Lucknow, on the 1st of July, a shell burst in his room at the Residency, and severely shattered his thigh. Among Sir Henry's last directions, communicated to Major Banks during great sufferings, were:—'Let every man die at his post; but never make terms. God help the poor women and children.' 'Spare the precious health of Europeans in every possible way from shot and shell.' (Mr. Merivale has it 'from shot and sun.') 'Entrench—entrench—entrench. Erect traverses. Cut off enemy's fire.' 'Put on my tomb only this: HERE LIES HENRY LAWRENCE, WHO TRIED TO DO HIS DUTY. May God have mercy on him.' He died from exhaustion on the morning of the 4th July, 'and,' writes Dr. Fayrer, who attended his death-bed, 'his last moments were peaceful.' On such an occasion, one is tempted to think that

One crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth an age without a name.

'When I think of death,' says Grahame of Claverhouse to Mr. Morton, 'as a thing worth thinking of, it is in the hope of pressing one day some well-fought and hard-won field of battle, and dying with the shout of victory in my ear; that would be worth dying for—and more, it would be worth having lived for!' This grand speech from the genius of Sir Walter Scott is all for glory; but Sir Henry Lawrence preferred duty, and his personal courage was quite equal to that of Claverhouse. Duty was his first aim; and of this noble Anglo-Indian it may well be said—

The elements  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'—*Shakspeare.*

So splendid a character also suggests a gem from the literature of Germany, which we give from a translation\* of 'Words of the Heart,' by J. C. Lavater, 'For the Friends of Love and Faith.' Such Christian philanthropy, as exhibited by the 'Howard of the Punjab,' and especially towards poor soldiers' children, might almost make us imagine that he had the words engraven on his heart—

\* Manuscript by Mrs. Henry Westmacott.

Leave to the Dust—Dust !  
 To the Earth—the Seed !—  
 Those glorious with it grow up !  
 So we shall behold ourselves once again Glorious !

At the conclusion of his volume Mr. Merivale has the following striking passage, which we consider one of the finest in the whole work :—‘ Fourteen months after Sir Henry’s death, in August, 1858, the Government of India passed, under Act of Parliament, from the hands of the East India Company to the direct control of the Crown. He was, therefore, the last of that great line of statesman soldiers—the last in the list which begins with Clive and ends with himself—who held to the end, and dignified, the simple title of “servants of the Company;” and with him closes one of the strangest and not least glorious chapters in the history of England and of the world.\* Originating in a few gunners’ crews and factory guards, the Company’s Army became a gigantic host of a nature unparalleled in ancient or modern times.

With reference to the fact that on the 22nd July, three weeks after his death, the Court of Directors in London resolved that, ‘ Sir Henry Montgomery Lawrence, K.C.B., be appointed provisionally to succeed to the office of Governor-General of India, on the death, resignation, or coming away of Viscount Canning, pending the arrival of a successor from England,’ it is said that ‘ Lord Canning died in India;’ and that ‘ Sir Henry, had he lived, would have succeeded him provisionally.† But Lord Canning—the pilot who weathered the storm—died in England (June 17th, 1862), and his successor, Lord Elgin, died in India (1863), and was succeeded by the present Lord Lawrence, who ‘ was then named to hold the magnificent vice-royalty which would have been his brother’s.’

There is a monument to the memory of Sir Henry Lawrence in St. Paul’s Cathedral; ‘ but,’ writes his friend, Sir John Kaye, ‘ the grandest monument of all is to be found in the asylums which bear his name ’—the name of one, perhaps, unequalled ‘ in the ranks of the servants of any Christian State in the latter ages of this world.‡—*Age kahùn kya* ; or, *ziyada kya nuheen*—what more need be said—in favour of such a biographical study ?

\* p. 382.

† p. 383.

‡ The latter remark is from William Russell’s ‘ Diary in India,’ quoted by Sir John.



## WINTER FARE.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S., &c.

EVERY now and then some lover of statistics communicates to the public the amount of food which is consumed in London in the space of a year. He reckons up the droves of oxen and flocks of sheep that have been converted into beef and mutton within the last twelve months, pictures them as being driven in one vast herd to the metropolis, and calculates the length of road which they would occupy. The square miles of corn which are needed to supply the animal consumption are also enumerated, and so is the tonnage of the vehicles that convey vegetables to the London markets. The picture which is thus laid before us is a very startling one, and it scarcely appears possible that such prodigious supplies should be kept up throughout a succession of years. Still, if man consumes he also produces; and though a vast population is crowded into a small space which cannot directly produce food, and therefore requires perpetual supplies from without its limits, these supplies are readily obtained by means of the very energies which create their need.

Passing from the city to the country, and from man to the lower animals, the food problem seems far more difficult of solution. Putting aside those animals which are domesticated and chiefly fed by man, the hosts of living creatures that inhabit this land are so enormous, and the amount of food which they require is consequently so great, that the mind almost recoils from any attempt to grapple with the subject. Moreover, in feeding these creatures a difficulty exists which has no place with man. They consume, but they do not produce; neither can they help one another, nor bring food from a fertile to a barren spot, nor live in time of scarcity upon stores laid up in time of plenty. As far as procuring food goes, each is absolutely isolated and self-dependent, unaided and unaiding.

Even in the summer time, the supply of food seems scarcely equal to the multitude of consumers, but in the winter the consumers

appear to be so greatly in excess of their food that the sustentation of their life appears little short of miraculous. Take this season of the year, for example, and look on the fields, the woods, and the waters. All are locked in icy chains, and yet there are myriads of living beings which must be nourished in some way, while all access to food seems to be impossible. Let us see how this difficulty is surmounted. It is done in three ways.

There are many creatures which could not live under such adverse circumstances, and accordingly they are gifted with the wonderful instinct of migration, and leave the country before their food becomes scarce and the temperature is unsuited to their constitutions. It is remarkable that migration does not always set towards warmer latitudes. Although the greater number of our migratory birds seek warmer climes, there are several which can only exist in a cold country; and when the suns of spring begin to warm the atmosphere, off go the birds in search of the ice and snow in which they delight. They pine in warm weather like an Esquimaux when crossing the line, and, like him, only recover their health and spirit in proportion to the fall of the thermometer. Whatever may be the cause of migration—be it heat, be it cold—it is evident that none but the feathered tribes can change their climate at will, and that the greater number of English animals are obliged to remain through the winter, and preserve their life as best they can.

Here we are brought face to face with another difficulty.

There are very many British animals belonging to various classes which are totally or partially debarred from obtaining food during the winter, and yet are unable to leave this country, and to obtain a subsistence under a more genial latitude. There are the bats, for example, which feed on flies and winged insects, and which in consequence are utterly deprived of food during a severe winter, when scarcely a single gnat—the most fragile and yet hardiest of flies—dares to venture into the open air. Unless some special provision were made for the bat, not one would be left alive after the first week or ten days of winter. The same may be said of the hedgehog, the very Nimrod of insect hunters, as everyone knows who has seen its exploits among the cockroaches. Now and then the hedgehog takes to eating chickens and ducklings, but when it can get a sufficient supply of insects for food contents itself with its proper diet.

Insect-eaters belonging to other classes are also deprived of food. Frogs and toads, for example, which live almost entirely on insects, can procure no nourishment, and the common snake, which lives on frogs, is similarly circumstanced. As there is no foliage, the slugs and snails would starve did they depend for existence upon winter-food,



and so would the blindworm, which lives on slugs. As for the insects themselves, by far the greater number have died, having completed their ordinary tenure of life, and most of those which remain alive are either in the stages of egg or pupa.

If, therefore, these creatures were obliged to seek their food in the winter, as well as in the summer, they must all inevitably perish of cold and hunger. One resource is still left. The object of food is to renew the tissues of the body, which are perpetually being wasted by the energies of life. If, therefore, the waste can be checked life may be preserved, though no food be taken, and this result is achieved by means of a more or less profound winter's sleep, technically named hibernation. 'Qui dort dine,' says the French proverb; and these creatures not being able to dine are yet able to sleep, and accept their slumber as a succedaneum for food.

To many of our English animals, the winter is one long night, during which their rest is sometimes uninterrupted, and sometimes is broken by short periods of activity. The hedgehog, as far as I know, is one of those beings which do not leave their winter bed until the spring has set in, but coils itself up in its nest of dried leaves, and sleeps uninterruptedly through the cold months. Sometimes in the depth of winter a few bright sunshiny days bring out the gnats and various flies, and then, even before the sun has set, the bats come out for a while, make a meal while they can, and then return to their sleeping place in some old building, rock-cleft, or hollow tree. As to the frogs and toads, they are sure to remain in their hiding-place, for they cannot, like the bats, catch the flying insects, and none others are tempted into the open air during the winter. Of the vegetable-eating hibernators, the squirrel is a familiar example. We may, perhaps, ask ourselves why the squirrel should hibernate, and other rodent animals, such as the hare or rabbit, should remain active throughout the winter. The reason is simple enough; the squirrel, essentially a fruit eater, in the winter could not obtain a sufficient supply of food for the maintenance of its life. So during the autumn it is led by instinct to lay up a store of nuts and similar food, and whenever a warm day in winter arouses it from its sleep, it goes to its storehouse, makes a slight meal, and returns again to its warm winter nest and deep slumber.

Here I cannot but note the curious resemblance which exists between certain habits common to some animals, and some portion of mankind. Everyone who has watched the squirrel in its wild state knows perfectly well that it has two distinct dwellings, one for the summer and the other for the winter. The summer 'cage,' as it is called in the New Forest where squirrels abound, is slight, pervious to the air, and placed at the end of a lofty bough; while the winter cage is a large

mass of dry leaves, moss, and grass, fixed at the junction of a large branch with the trunk of the tree, so that when the inhabitant is within it cannot be disturbed even by a breath of air, though a violent gale may be blowing.

Now there are several parts of the world where men build dwellings of a similar character, light and airy for summer, close and massive for winter. Such, for example, is the habitation of the Kamskatkan, the summer dwelling being a slight structure of branches supported on a sort of scaffold, while the winter house, or 'jurt,' is deeply sunk in the ground, built of stones or large timber, and thickly and warmly thatched. The winter huts of the Tschutski, at the North East of Asia, are constructed after a similar fashion, the roofs looking like low hillocks surrounded with stones. The ancients as well as the moderns had similar huts, the 'Ganggraben' or Passage Graves of Scandinavia, so familiar to all ethnologists, being constructed in precisely the same principle as that employed in the Kamskatkan 'jurt.'

To return to our hibernating animals. The dormouse has many of the habits of the squirrel, and, like that animal, lays by a winter store of food. It wakes less frequently than the squirrel; but whenever it is roused from its sleep, it always goes to its storehouse, and takes a slight repast.

There has been much controversy about the mole, and its method of passing the winter, some persons thinking that it is one of the hibernators, and others that it is active throughout the winter. I decidedly incline to the latter opinion, thinking that the mole can have no need for hibernation. In its subterranean abode the frost cannot touch it. All who have worked with the spade in winter know perfectly well that, however hard and stone-like the surface of the ground may be, the effect of the severest frost is very superficial, and that at a spade's depth or so the earth is as soft and penetrable as in the middle of summer. Consequently the worms on which the mole lives almost exclusively are able to traverse the soil, and the mole is equally able to pursue them. Moreover, the mole is a creature so strangely unable to endure even a short fast, that it would most probably perish of hunger before it had time to pass into a state of hibernation.

As to the frogs and toads, which I have already mentioned among hibernators, they contrive to insinuate themselves underground in some strange way, and there pass the whole winter. I should think that, of all creatures, the frog would be the least fitted to endure either extreme cold or heat. Being destitute of any clothing of fur or feathers, and having a thin and highly porous skin, through which the moisture of the body rapidly exudes, the creature is necessarily



sensitive to changes of temperature. If a frog happen to be in an unsheltered spot on a hot summer day it soon dies, the sunbeams drawing out through the skin the moisture on which its life depends, and rapidly drying up its dead body until it is like a piece of flat horn. So unprotected a creature would necessarily feel the cold as severely as the heat; and I very much doubt whether in a really severe frost a frog would traverse a distance of many yards without being first numbed by the cold, and then frozen as stiff as it would be baked stiff in summer.

Snails and slugs are also safely at rest, guarded from the immediate influence of the cold. The reader may possibly have noticed that after an exceptionally severe winter slugs are always more numerous than snails when the spring has brought out the fresh foliage of the new year. The reason is simple enough: slugs, soft as their bodies may be, live for the most part underground, managing in some mysterious manner to force themselves below the surface of the earth. This they do even in the summer time; so that possessors of gardens, when they see the leaves of their favourite plants gnawed into rags, mostly lay the blame on the wrong creature. For example, they eat off the tender tops of the early peas as soon as they appear above ground; and the sparrow generally gets the blame, and often suffers the punishment due to a delinquency which it did not commit. They even eat tobacco, in spite of the pungency of the leaf. Perhaps they take it as a zest with their ordinary meals, or eat it out of curiosity; but I do sincerely hope that the slugs which this year ate nearly all my tobacco plants found themselves very ill afterwards.

Snails are much more suspected of doing ill than are slugs, because the latter are completely hidden under the earth, while the former can only conceal themselves in crevices. As far as I know, the snail does not retire underground, though there is no apparent reason why it should not do so. It is quite capable of burrowing, and always does so when it lays its round, translucent eggs. However, unless disturbed by men or birds, it is quite safe in its retreat, and, like the slug, fasts and sleeps throughout the entire winter.

Many insects are hibernators. Putting aside those which pass the winter in one of the preliminary forms of egg, larva, or inactive pupa, and therefore can scarcely be ranked among insects, there are many which retire to some hiding-place at the end of autumn and do not make their appearance again until the spring. The great ground-beetles mostly seek a refuge below the surface of the earth, between the bark and the wood of trees, or under the moss. So do the rove-beetles, many of the sunshiners, and others, while many a ladybird contrives to remain unharmed throughout the winter.

Whether or not the cockchafers, rose-beetles, and stag-beetles hibernate I cannot say, but I have never succeeded in discovering either of these creatures alive in the depth of winter, while those which I have already mentioned may be found in plenty by anyone who knows where to look for them.

Perhaps the hibernating insects which are most frequently found are the wasps and hornets, which pass the time of their inaction to some purpose. None but the females survive the year. At the end of autumn they have found their mates, and immediately becoming widows, retire to some obscure spot, leaving not only their husbands, but their companions and nurselings, to perish from cold and want of food. They themselves have eaten enough to keep up their lives during the period of sleep; and at the beginning of the next spring they issue from their places of concealment, ready and anxious to found a new colony of their own. Thus, then, we see how provision is made for the subsistence of beings who cannot obtain food in the winter time and cannot leave the country. The winter to them is a blank, its frost and storms are unknown, and the nourishment stored within them is sufficient for their subsistence during the months of sleep.

Those insects which inhabit the water are much less affected by the cold than those of the land. Even in the depth of winter, if the ice which covers the surface of a pond be broken, and the net passed rapidly through the water, some insects are sure to be found in it, all quite active and lively, though the insects of the land have disappeared for weeks. Water is a very bad conductor of heat. Most of us have seen, or at least read, of the well-known experiment of placing the hand at the bottom of a vessel of water, and making the surface water boil without affecting the hand. Similarly, though a thick coating of ice be on the surface, the water below may be at a comparatively mild temperature. If any of my readers have ever bathed in winter time, they will remember that the water itself was always warmer than the external air, especially if any wind were blowing, and that coming into the air required even more courage than going into the water.

Now let us turn to the creatures which pass the winter in an active state, and which, therefore, not only require food, but need even more than in the summer time, the warmth of their bodies being no more supplemented by external heat, and requiring a larger supply of food to maintain the internal fire, for the warmth of a living creature, be it more or less, is, indeed, a fire, burning slowly but as veritably as any fire that gives warmth to our chambers or energy to our steam engines.

Unless the snow lies very deep, the hare and rabbit can manage to find a subsistence, the grass and other perennial herbage affording



them a sufficient supply of food. But when the snow lies thickly on the ground, and the grass is hidden beneath it, both hares and rabbits are sorely tried, and are obliged to abandon their ordinary food. They then make their way through the snow towards the nearest copse, and with their chisel-like teeth cut away the bark of the trees. The youngest trees are the first victims; but if the snow should lie for any length of time, scarcely a tree will escape, and it is really wonderful to see the height which animals so small can reach by standing on their hind legs. Of course, the hare fares better than the rabbit, for it is a larger animal, has longer hind legs, can reach higher when standing on them, and so when the rabbit has stripped the tree of bark as high as it can reach; the hare is still able to gnaw away the bark which was too high for the rabbit.

The tracks which these animals make in the snow are very peculiar, and are so conspicuous that they enable poachers to work great havoc among the hares by tracking them to their forms. It is astonishing how different are the tracks of an animal which has passed through rather deep snow to those of the same animal when it has merely traversed a soft soil. They are always much larger than the size of the creature seems to warrant, the size being caused by the fact that snow adheres to the limbs, is drawn at every step out of the hole made by the foot, and is then shaken off before the animal makes another step. Few persons would recognise the snow-track of a cat. If obliged to traverse the snow, pussy gathers her fore-feet together, and proceeds with a series of short jumps, each jump clearing about a yard.

The tracks thus made are wonderfully like those of a man, and I have no doubt are often mistaken for them. Some years ago there was a wonderful disturbance in a country village. It was winter, the snow was deep, and at daybreak were seen the footprints as of a giant, striding over the smooth, white surface. The country people, who are always afraid of anything which they do not understand, were horribly frightened at these tracks, and the rumour got about that they were made by some diabolical being prowling about in the night after its prey. Night after night fresh tracks appeared, and at last the terror of the people was raised to its utmost pitch by the fact that one night the mysterious being had not only walked over level ground, but had crossed, with its giant strides, up one side of a house-roof, down the other, and so to the snow on the other side. At last the mystery was solved; the tracks were that of a racoon which had escaped from captivity, and, after the manner of its kind, was enjoying itself by nocturnal promenades in the snow.

As this is a wintry article, and we are on the subject of snow, I may

briefly mention an effective mode of making a path through snow with very little trouble and in very little time. Take a couple of planks, of some seven or eight feet in length, set them on edge, and place them at an acute angle with each other, like the letter V. Nail a few pieces of wood across so as to keep them in position, and there is the 'snow-plough.' If a couple of handles be fastened to it, a man can easily push it along the ground, and, as it passes along, it throws off the snow on either side, and makes a clear path without requiring the aid of hoes and brooms.

For many of the birds there is sufficient winter food in the various berries, especially those of the ivy and mountain ash. But there are some birds that need animal food of some kind during the winter, though they care little about it in summer. Chief among them is the song-thrush, a bird whose song seems more redolent of happiness than that of any other bird except the skylark. Deprived of its ordinary food, the thrush betakes itself to the task of snail-hunting, and a most keen hunter it is. If the winter be very severe, and the thrush in consequence very hungry, the snail must indeed be cleverly concealed that will escape the eye of the thrush, which can peep into crannies that the eye of man could not penetrate. And, as snails mostly congregate together in their winter homes, the bird is sure of a good meal when once he comes upon a hibernating snail.

The value of the thrush in snail hunting can scarcely be appreciated, unless we know the ingenious way in which these molluscs conceal themselves. Though the snail cannot, like the slug, burrow underground, it nevertheless makes use of the earth in constructing its winter's habitation. It seeks some sheltered spot, especially favouring such places where there is long moss, or where dead leaves have fallen and congregated. Having settled itself, the snail protrudes its body from the shell, pours out of the foot a large quantity of slime, to which the loose earth, leaves, &c., adhere. The slime rapidly hardens, and in a few minutes forms a tolerably firm layer, which is thrown on one side and forms part of the wall of the intended habitation. Layer after layer is thus made, and in a short time the snail is enclosed in a habitation which is strong, warm, and so exactly resembles the surrounding objects that scarcely any eye except that of a hungry thrush could detect it.

Then come the titmice, which are inordinate consumers of animal food. In winter-time they sometimes seem to lose all sense of fear in their craving after such nourishment. They have been known to take pieces of suet from butchers' shops, to steal meat from the dogs' plates, to nibble at the candle in a stable lantern, and even to eat the coconut oil used for lubricating the wheels of railway carriages, apparently



disregarding the fact that the oil is vegetable and not animal. Urged by this longing after animal food, the titmice search the trees with the greatest minuteness, prying into the smallest crevice in the bark, and eating not only the insects that have hidden themselves there, but even their eggs. It is specially serviceable in devouring the eggs of the well-known Vapourer moth, which often exists in such numbers that it inflicts great damage on trees, and, unless subjected to such checks as are given by the titmice and one or two other birds with similar habits, would often destroy them entirely. So is the hunger of the bird made useful in preserving the food of man.

These, then, are the three ways in which provision is made for winter fare. Those creatures which are unable to endure our winter, but are able to fly, take to wing and migrate to other lands, leaving more food for the permanent denizens of the country. Those which cannot migrate and cannot find food in winter pass that time in sleep, so that they are also taken out of the category of food consumers. Lastly, those which are hardy enough to bear the winter of England, but are deprived of their ordinary food, obtain their subsistence by change of diet, and by so doing confer benefits on man, which, if they were better understood, would be better appreciated, and, we will hope, better recompensed.

## IN THE TWILIGHT.

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WELL hath one asked if it can even be  
 Useful, or helpful, to believe a lie:  
 Ah, let us ponder ere we make reply,  
 Nor rashly judge in our obscurity:  
 Lo, Faith and Hope transplanted we may see  
 On the chill heights of Truth decay and die;  
 And he that hath the keener, piercing eye  
 Perchance would fain know less of misery.  
 Ah! what, if in our breasts abide a fear,  
 Lest when our knowledge and our powers increase,—  
 Lest in the harvest of our truth-sown year,  
 The pious fervour of our glad hearts cease;  
 Lest in the day when all things grow more clear  
 We feel no passion, and we find no peace.

Nay, fear not thus, while loving life is ours,  
 And love, sweet love, burns ever in each breast;  
 While hate of hatred stands of love confest,  
 And love of loving two-fold blessing showers:  
 Not till all grace hath faded from earth's flowers,  
 And all its glory from the sun-lit West,  
 Shall peace and passion, life with loving blest,  
 Pass to the outer darkness of past powers.  
 And Faith and Hope shall they not still inspire  
 New aspirations in man's eager soul?  
 From point to point, still mounting ever higher,  
 Shall he not with this thought his grief console,  
 Knowing that tho' he must ere long expire  
 He lives a part of one eternal whole.

S. WADDINGTON.



## THE ASHEN FAGGOT.

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THE Oak Parlour at the 'Jolly Sandboys' is not as the common herd of inn parlours, any more than the 'Jolly Sandboys' is as the common herd of inns. The Oak Parlour is the oldest room in an old house, four hundred years old, if the figures '1490' graven on the lintel are to be taken as a genuine register of birth. At all events, everyone pays the 'Jolly Sandboys' the compliment of saying that it looks its age, and though inside the house there are traces of furbishing and renovation, yet, once ushered into the Oak Parlour, not a soul but would recognise its venerable aspect, and feel elevated or depressed accordingly. By the advance of its gables, and the protrusion of carved beams bearing the weight of two bulging stories, the 'Jolly Sandboys' is the most conspicuous object in the main street of Cranford. Other respectable straight-down houses keep back in orderly rows, but the 'Jolly Sandboys' doesn't care what forward postures it assumes, so long as it looks quaint and comfortable. It is the house for tawny ales and curious home-made wines—cordials they are called—and old hearths and old settles by them, and old clocks, and wide oak staircases that part when they reach the first floor into various little streamlets and cascades, leading mysteriously up and down, with twists and turns and sudden descents. The bannisters are fit for a king to slide down; flat and broad and fluted, polished and not too steep. The breadth and flatness give you a comfortable seat; the fluting acts as metals to a locomotive, keeping you on the track; the polished surface makes the passage easy; and the moderate angle of the incline prolongs the pleasurable slide. These bannisters, whose merits a true lover of bannister-sliding cannot overlook, end on the first floor, and in the square low-ceilinged landing, just opposite the carved bannister-finial, stands a door with 'Oak Parlour' inscribed upon it.

The Oak Parlour is one of those old rooms that seem to defy time

and decay, with cross-beams and tie-beams and supports, and uncouth protrusions like the bulkheads of a ship, all of black oak that no pen-knife can enter and no wood-worm catacomb. The oak shines out with the polish of centuries, in sombre and yet cheerful contrast to the white-washed interspaces. The room is low-ceilinged and wide-hearthed, and the warm fire-light penetrates every corner of it; a piece of comfortable snugness that our Saxon forefathers did not always keep in mind. In such a room as this one could wish to spend Christmas Eve, with every sound snow-muffled except the Christmas bells; good cheer within the heart, good cheer without; not forgetting the punch-bowl and lemons, and an Ashen Faggot crackling up the chimney, 'a sound to drive away the brood of cares.'

In this room, one Christmas Eve in the present century, a dull heart of fire was glowing on the hearth, and the light from it, mingling with and crossing the candle-light, threw restless shadows on the white intervals of wall and ceiling. John Anderson and Titus Hoskin were sitting in the two arm-chairs of the Oak Parlour, and between them lay the Ashen Faggot, ready to be immolated.

'Well, Titus, my boy, what do you think of it? Three binds round this faggot, stout withies all of them, and here are only two of us to honour them in the cracking.'

'Aye,' said John Anderson, 'last year and ever so many years before we've had some third man who's told his tale with us; but this year, somehow, we're alone. It don't seem like Christmas.'

Now the custom of John Anderson and Titus Hoskin had been for many Christmas Eves to meet in the Oak Parlour, and, being west-country men, to burn an ashen faggot. The three bands of this sacred *fascis* were to them emblematic of the errors and sorrows of the past year, to be snapped and utterly consumed on the eve of a great peace-making. As the faggot was tied up with three withies, it was their habit to tell three stories whilst it lay a-burning, stories of what had come to them in the past year; and as each withy snapped, it was the law that the story then being told should end, finished or unfinished, as it was; for no trouble must outlast the withies on an ashen faggot.

The difficulty was who should tell the third tale: on former Christmas Eves one friend or another had been there to throw off the year's troubles with the snapping of the faggot-band; this year John Anderson and his friend Titus were alone, and they hesitated to throw on the sacred peace-maker, because there were three bands to it, and but two men to tell the tales.

'It don't seem like Christmas,' said John Anderson; 'and I propose we keep back the faggot till some one turns up to make the third.'



The landlord shall send up his next customer—man, woman, or child—and then we'll begin.'

'Agreed,' said Titus; and a message was sent down to that effect.

The 'Jolly Sandboys' was so popular a place of resort, both for the mellowness of its aspect and the goodness of its cheer, that the two friends had not long to wait. In a few minutes the servant came to say that two travellers—a man and a woman—had arrived at the inn, and that the man would step up to the Oak Parlour, if the gentlemen were agreeable.

Accordingly, there entered the room an elderly man, with a growth of beard and moustache that overshadowed his face. There was a tinge of grey in his hair, a sobriety in his face that commanded respect; and Titus Hoskin and John Anderson felt that they had here got the right man to complete their party, old enough to enter soberly into their festivities, and yet not too old to enjoy them.

'It has always been our custom,' said Titus, 'to burn an Ashen Faggot on Christmas Eve.'

'I know the custom,' said the stranger, 'I was born in Somersetshire.'

'Possibly then,' continued Titus, 'you know the custom of each man in order telling the principal thing that has befallen him in the past year, and ending his story at the crack of a withy-band, or else ending not at all. In either case we consider'—including John Anderson, with a sweep of his head—'that the trouble which may be oppressing him is by that means thrown aside, utterly done for, burnt up with the ashes of the faggot. It is rare that a determined effort to shake off trouble fails; to-night we hope to be rid of the past year's vexations; for this reason we continue the custom; and in order that nothing may be wanting to make the spell work, we have asked you to join us, and complete the required number.'

John Anderson nodded, but in rather a desponding fashion, as if, though he assented to the perpetuation of the custom, he had doubts as to its efficacy.

Turning to the stranger, he said: 'I hope you, sir, believe in this virtue of the Ashen Faggot.'

'I should do,' said the stranger, 'being as I have said a Somersetshire man, but I must say that this evening I have troubles connected partly with myself and partly with one very dear to me that will be very hard to clear away.'

'Three men in the dumps want an Ashen Faggot to cheer them,' said Titus solemnly. 'We will now proceed to burn the faggot and, if possible, the dumps with it. But in the first place, what shall be the order of the story-telling?'

'As this has come upon me unexpectedly,' said the stranger, 'I should like to put mine off till the last.' So it was arranged that John Anderson as being the younger of the two friends should begin and that the stranger's tale should be the last.

The Ashen Faggot was lifted tenderly into its place, and with the first simmering of the green wood, John Anderson began :

'To be particular as to dates, I may say that the occurrences I am going to relate happened on the 26th of last June.'

'How very remarkable !' said Titus and the stranger in one voice.

'What do you mean ?'

'Oh, nothing. I'll tell you by-and-by,' said Titus ; and the stranger leant back in his chair absorbed in thought.

'The 26th June saw me not in this, my native town, as you are aware, Hoskin, but in the city of Bath, where I had stayed a week on business, bent a month more for pleasure, and a month more for a purpose which will, unless the Ashen Faggot gives relief, be added to the number of the unfulfilled.'

A loud crack from the hearth, followed by a seething of indignant sap, seemed to be a protest on the part of the faggot.

'The pleasure that detained me for a month was that of falling in love, earnestly in love, with the daughter of a clown. Don't stare, Titus ; I mean not a countryman, but a real circus clown, as fine and true a man as ever walked this earth, and his daughter as fine and true a woman.'

The stranger nodded his head doubtfully, and yet approvingly.

'The purpose still unfulfilled, and still destined to be unfulfilled in spite of yonder peace-making faggot, was to marry this girl and bring her home to surprise you, Titus, and all the other old fogies of Cranford.'

'Allow me to say,' interrupted Titus Hoskin, 'on the part of the old fogies of Cranford, that we are very glad Mr. John Anderson proved himself to be above marrying a clown's daughter.'

'Allow me to ask,' said the stranger, 'Why you didn't marry the clown's daughter ;' and, having spoken, as much as was to be seen of his face under whiskerly adornment seemed alert for the reply.

John Anderson paid no attention to these interruptions and continued :

'This purpose, as I have said, remains unfulfilled, for on the night of the 26th of June occurred the strange events which I shall describe to you this evening. I may as well begin by telling you the position in which I stood toward the lady whom I hope to make my wife. Her father, an honest God-fearing man, Titus—and his daughter an honest



God-fearing woman—had given his consent to the marriage; and Margaret had sworn to me, and I to her, that we would love each other well, and serve each other truly in the capacities of husband and wife.'

Here a slight interruption ensued, Titus apologising for his former hasty expressions; after which John Anderson went on in a deep voice which all the old beams in the Oak Parlour leaned forward to hear.

'The weather was hot and sultry, and having several little matters to settle as to the wedding-day, and so on—and, further, being minded to have a moonlight walk into the country with kisses and protestations in the shady parts—I had ordained on the evening in question a stroll along the canal side, and so through the fields to Batheaston. You, gentlemen, not knowing the place, will not be aware how suitable a neighbourhood it is for a walk with a loving woman. We had not chosen it that day for the first time, nor yet for the second; consequently, I was surprised on coming up to the canal-side, near her father's door, where she was wont to meet me—he being gone already to his work at the circus—I was surprised, I say, to find the spot empty, and wondered if she had missed lighting upon it, and was wandering elsewhere along the bank. So, without pause, I walked first to right and then to left with great strides looking for her; and as I made a long sweep to the left, still holding by the canal, I saw in the distance the flutter of a dress as of something rapidly moving. And there, indeed, after a smart run, and a merry intent to surprise her made me tread softly, I saw Margaret skirting along the canal at a quick walk, and a stranger by her side. She talked to him and he to her; and so I hung back, not knowing what to do. Presently they turned into the field-path that led back into Bath Street again, and was a short cut to her father's door; and running, stooping fashion, under a hedge, and creeping at times into the shadow of the ditch, I came before them to a stile they must needs pass, determined to gaze into the stranger's face, and discern, if possible, who he was. And as they drew to the stile, I caught the insolent manner of his face, for it was Cranshaw Tagliano, the mongrel son of the proprietor of that circus where Margaret's father tumbled. His mother was an Englishwoman, and old Tagliano was in some sort an Italian, and very hard and grasping upon Saturday nights. But young Cranshaw was worse than he, and had been bunkering after Margaret for many months, so I had heard, as indeed he had after many girls of the company; and Margaret, I am proud to say, never thought a rush of him or his glossy moustache, shining as it did on a moonlight night, and beautifully scented. What, then,

she did now walking with him through the fields, and leaving me, for anything she knew, fretting on the canal-bank, I could not imagine. So I fell back into the covert of a May-bush, and heard words as they approached that made my feet restless in my boots and my hands clench nervously, for I longed both to kick and to smite young Cranshaw Tagliano.

“Mr. Tagliano,” my Margaret was saying to him, “over this stile I will climb with my own help.”

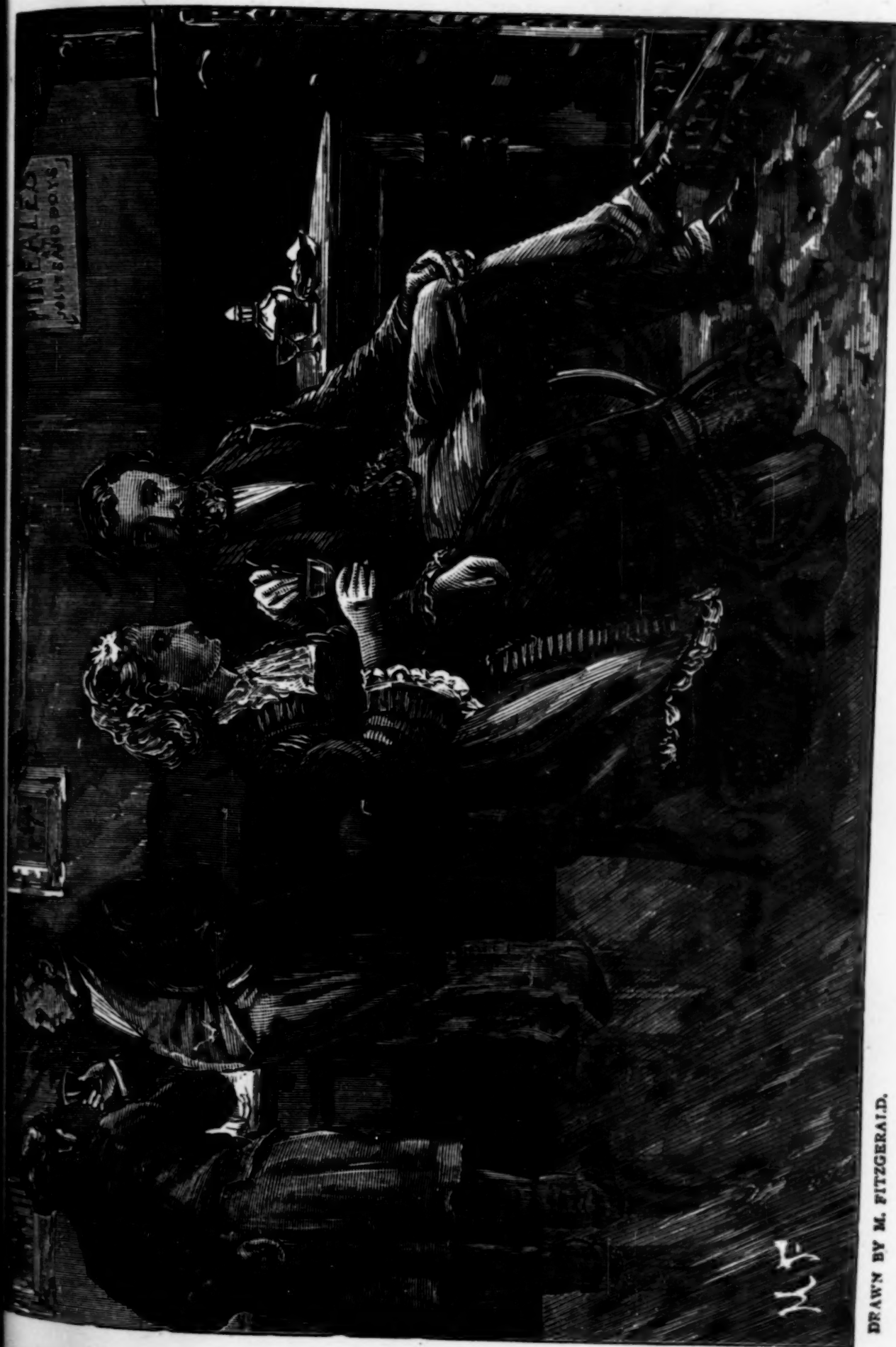
‘From which I concluded that Mr. Tagliano had tried at the last stile to snatch a vile kiss, which was also my reward sometimes at stiles; but never taken insolently.

‘Then I was glad to see Mistress Margaret get her own way in the matter, and Master Cranshaw stepping unwillingly over, and halting a few yards beyond till she should come up. By great good fortune, Mr. Tagliano halted with his back towards us, whistling a tune; so coming lightly from the shade, I presented my hand in a truly civil manner which I hoped would be acceptable to the lady. She knew me at once, and started less than one would have supposed, and quite noiselessly she made the sign of silence, pressed my hand very hard, and whispered: “Don’t speak; keep near me.”

‘So I, with little brains to understand all this, but being hard set in my own mind that mischief was abroad, followed these two into the city, and noted how Margaret shrunk from the touch of him, and ever and anon held back as though she would go no further; but Cranshaw Tagliano forced her on with a gesture and a tone of voice that was too high to please me. Nor did they pause on her father’s threshold, but went in—young Cranshaw first and Margaret last, so that she caught a glimpse of me as she shut the door. And this knowing that her father was at the circus, and these two alone in the house, vexed me more than all that had gone before, so that I was in two minds whether to follow them or not. Indeed I advanced to the door with that intent, but as I did so Margaret’s head looked out at the window, making some remark about the moon, at which I heard young Cranshaw laugh; and at my feet there fell a screw of paper, on which I read—“Fetch father at once! I am in danger.”

‘With this distinct command upon me, I could not but run straight for the circus, though I would have given much to be divided in half so that one half might watch at the window that no harm came to Margaret. As I turned round at the end of the street I saw the window shut down and the blind drawn across it, and this gave me more speed to run. It was not far to the wooden shed where Tagliano’s company performed; a great shapeless thing reared up on a waste of land, and answering comfortably enough for the





DRAWN BY M. FITZGERAID.

'THE ASHEN-FAGGOT.'

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.



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purpose. At my quick knock on the back-door, the door-keeper came running, and ran back with great haste to tell the clown that Mr. Anderson had a message for him, evidently catching from my voice that there was some urgency in the matter. And sure my zeal stood me in good stead, for, impatient of staying by the door, I plucked up the barrier that stood across the way, and advanced into a dark place that smelt badly of horses, and there I heard the roaring of the band and the sound of the public applauding. Now, it was against rules to pass this barrier during a performance, but my eagerness led me forward, and I came to a passage leading to the dressing-rooms, and there was the door-keeper talking with another man about my message.

"Here's Mr. Anderson wants to see Joe."

"Joe's not to be seen."

"What d'ye mean? Joe's off, ain't he?"

"Yes, just going on; but look here, Bill;" and the man poked his mouth into the door-keeper's ear, so that I could scarcely catch the words. Nevertheless I heard this. "Young Cranshaw gave me a crown to keep Joe here till midnight, and promised me another if I kept him. You'll have half of it if you send the gentleman back with civil words."

'This speech, by such great good fortune overheard, showed me a depth and a wickedness in young Cranshaw's design that I had never before suspected. So whilst these men were haggling over their money, I cast about for some way to defeat this wickedness, and come at Joe in spite of Cranshaw's precautions.

'And this was what I decided. Not to deny the doorkeeper, and say roundly I would see Joe, for the door-keeper and his friend being two, and further having right on their side, could have thrust me out into the street; and even if the noise fetched the Signor Tagliano himself, it was a chance but he was leagued with his son, and would in any case, being a choleric man, have paid no heed to one who had forced his way so far into the premises, contrary to rule. My plan was a wiser one than this; so slipping quietly back as well as I could in the dark, and dropping the barrier again into its place, I waited the door-keeper's coming. Presently he appeared; "Joe's on just now, master, but I'll give him your message when he comes off," and with that he shut the door in my face.

'I went at once to the gallery door, paid my sixpence, and went in. There was my friend Joe, in motley, capering and careering about the ring, while the Signor himself handled the whip.

'Mademoiselle Josephine was posturing on a bare-backed steed which presently stopped, and that in so sudden a manner that the

young lady tumbled most ungracefully, with much laughter from the unsympathising folk in the gallery, and a great effort on the part of Joe to do some laughable thing that might divert attention from Mademoiselle Josephine's fall. At that moment I caught his eye, and standing near to the gallery entrance and twenty feet above him in height, and fifty feet away in point of distance, I made those mesmeric passes with which I had before mastered him. The gallery was a shelving slope of rough steps stretching from the level of the ring to the point where I stood; and these steps or seats were thickly packed with young men and their maidens, and old people, and children, both serious and laughing. But now that I had Joe under my power, as I soon saw that he was, up through all these he came squeezing his way between as they shrank aside half amused and half awed by his clownish dress. And those who were not near, and could not see his face, being prepared by his previous contortions, thought for the life of them this was some new piece of wit; and so, amid a hearty sound of clapping, and some astonishment in the ring below, he followed me out into the open air, and there hailing a coach and thrusting him in, I made haste to restore him as we drove to his house, and to explain the reasons of my conduct.

'I have never since that time ceased to blame myself for daring to put a man under the mesmeric spell when he might the next moment have great need for his wits. What with his sudden recovery from the trance and the strangeness of finding himself rolling along in a hackney-coach in a clown's garb, and the vehemence with which I impressed upon him my fear of young Cranshaw Tagliano's designs, the man was confused and hurried in his manner; and upon my head, I feel it upon this blessed Christmas Eve, lie in part the consequences of that confusion of wits. In using the power I had over him to take him out of the circus, it never occurred to me that there was risk in bringing Joe into awkward, and it might be dangerous, contact with his daughter's enemy. For this thoughtlessness I shall ever suffer in mind, laying very great blame upon myself for what ensued.

'We left the coach at the bottom of the street in which stood his house, and advancing quietly up it, I was glad to find it occupied by none but ourselves.

'It was, however, small satisfaction to me to see on the blind the shadow of a head I knew to be Margaret's, and standing over her a tall figure that I recognised as Cranshaw Tagliano by the slope of the profile, and a peculiar bend I had before now noticed in his moustache. My friend Joe seemed to be taking note of all this too, but his look was dazed, as is often the case with those who have been under the



mesmeric spell. I stretched out my hand to the window, and said as clearly as I could, without raising my voice to a shout, "Those are Margaret and Cranshaw Tagliano; she is *in danger*." After this he seem to some extent awake, and stood at my side, saying in a dreary, absent tone, "What shall I do? What shall I do?" It was pure misery to me to see him stand there helpless in his fool's garb, and I cursed again and again that fatal trance that was yet upon him. "*She is in danger!*" I said again, hoping to rouse the fatherly spirit of the man, and I hissed the words into his ear. He drew himself up, and looked almost a man in spite of his paint and powder, the fool's cap, the tights, and the wide trunks.

'Just then the shadow of the standing man leaned forward, and she that was sitting drew back, and from the motion of those shadows there seemed to be a threatening on the one side and a shrinking on the other that set the blood tingling in my veins. Joe ran across to the door and tried the handle with a quick sharp turn of the wrist; a bolt was slipped on the inside that prevented its opening.

'Meanwhile young Cranshaw had come nearer to Margaret, and I could even hear his voice calling her by name. Joe, who had stepped baffled from the door, saw this motion of the figures, and heard Cranshaw's voice. Then, without a word or any hint of what he was doing, I saw him run, in strange clownish fashion and yet very swiftly, down the street, and disappear into a court that led to the backs of the houses. Without thinking what was best for me to do, I ran after him down the street, and to the backs of the houses. He was out of sight when I got there, but in a minute there appeared above the dark garden walls a white figure, climbing to a window where the light glimmered as from a distance. Knowing the clown's rooms as I did, I knew this to be the window of the back room that led by a wide doorway into the front sitting-room. So I knew that Joe was climbing into his house, and I wished him God-speed, and ran back to the front to watch the shadows as before.

'And now came the most abominable thing a man can see, and the thought of that moment will ever be a terror to me, knowing, as I did, both the murderer and the murdered, and being in part blood-guilty myself, through the great delusion of my mesmerism, that still obscured the clown's brain. For on the blind, at the moment of my return, I saw the figures of Margaret and young Cranshaw, and Cranshaw's arm was held out and grasped Margaret by the wrist, and before I had time to think of any rescue on my part, there came a shadow between them—a head with a crest of hair to it, and an arm raised up with a weapon in the hand. And this new figure grew small, and became as distinct upon the blind as the figures of the other

two ; and the weapon fell on Cranshaw's head, and I heard the sound of young Cranshaw's fall, and my Margaret shrieking and falling out of sight ; and three times the weapon in the hand of that third figure rose and fell, and I knew that there was murder done, of which I was the witness.

'In the suddenness of the moment I had little sense to do the right thing ; so I ran to the court that led to the backs of the houses, and getting some way into it, I saw a white figure climbing down again from the window, and I knew that the clown was escaping from his house. And with that there came a cry of "Murder ! murder ! murder !" in the street without, and I knew that the neighbours were up ; so, running quickly along in the shadow, I escaped from the place, and the horror of the scene ; and the cry, thrice repeated, "Murder ! murder ! murder !" so urged me forward that I fled like a guilty man along the silent street, and into the country roads ; and from the time I took on the return, my course must have been two miles from the street of the murder before I slackened speed to consider what I had seen.

'I cannot say with what thoughts or intentions I returned home. I was so confused and unnerved by the horrible thing which had happened to those shadows on the blind, that nothing was plain to me but the rising and falling in the murderer's hand, and the cry of "Murder !" thrice repeated as I fled from the street. Had a man come to me and said, "John Anderson, you killed him !" I should hardly have denied him.

'I will not weary you with telling what I learnt on this day and what on that of the murder of Cranshaw Tagliano. You shall hear all that became known when enquiry had been made on the matter, and then you shall judge whether I did wrong to keep counsel as to what happened before my eyes. The clown's absence from the circus was never known. His exit by the gallery door was treated, I suppose, as some witty invention of the moment, and as he was not wanted again for half-an-hour, he had time to be in his place as if nothing had happened.

'Margaret denied in evidence that she had seen the murderer's face. She had fainted at the moment when young Cranshaw fell, and had no recollection of anything but a very grievous blow dealt from behind on Mr. Tagliano's head as he was stooping towards her. She was discreetly silent about any insolent behaviour on the part of the deceased ; so the murder was laid at the door of some unknown person who had entered the house for plunder, and ended with violence, making his escape by the back window before the outcry was raised. And, indeed, a neighbour had heard the pelting of feet in the court

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behind, which must have been the sound of my feet or the clown's, supposing that the clown avoided the place by that means, and did not rather, as I think, get away across some walls into a neighbouring street. In any case, one of us was near being caught. Here was a proper story of the case, and if I upset it, it would be to the sad ruin of my dear friend Joe, Margaret's father, who, even if greatly provoked, would still be proved a murderer, myself also being in a measure implicated in his guilt, through the spell I had carelessly put upon him.

'Oh! you, my friends—for you, sir,' said John Anderson, addressing the stranger, 'I cannot but consider a friend—think of me on this Christmas Eve; for on that night my Margaret became a murderer's daughter, and I held the secret of her father's guilt; my friend became a murderer, and I dared not look on his face, for I had seen the deed, and God and my own soul struggled with me to make it known. I left Bath in a week, and since then guilt has sat upon me day and night, and sometimes I feel like a murderer, and sometimes in the night like a murdered man with a weapon lifted and falling upon my head. I have never set eyes on Joe or Margaret since, and never may they come before me again, unless there be a furnace where Joe may be purified of his stain as in this crackling roar on the hearth.'

'Then you haven't lost your love for the girl?' asked the stranger in a low tone, for both the listeners were awed and silenced at the story.

'I love her still,' said John Anderson, 'but her father is a murderer.'

Just then the middle withy, which had been giving signs of yielding, went apart, and the other two appeared so nearly exhausted that Mr. Titus Hoskin began his story at a rapid pace.

'What I am going to relate, the story which since the time that I heard it has most dwelt upon my mind, causing me great misery as being powerless to redress the wrongs, refers to occurrences which took place on that very 26th of June which Mr. Anderson has mentioned. It was told me by a dwarf, who, dying a short time ago at a house near my own, sent for me, as a respectable citizen of Cranford, though a stranger to him, that I might hear his last depositions which he entrusted to me rather than officially to a magistrate, judging that I should show more zeal in prosecuting his wishes. However, through certain omissions that he made through the feebleness of his memory, I have been unable to advance at all in the matter, and I can only give you the story as it fell from his lips.'

## THE DWARF'S STORY.

In the month of June I was lodging somewhere in an English town, where my mind doesn't tell me just now, and there, since the bodily deformity with which God has endowed me had left me yet the mental grace of admiration, I admired and fell in love with a beautiful young lady, who lived with her father on the first floor of the same house with me.

There was scarcely a day on which I did not catch a glimpse of her on the stairs or in the passages. This I contrived so that she seldom saw me, or suspected that I was looking at her, for I knew that though she was kind and civil she did not love to see me, poor twisted thing that I am, and worse by a whole heaven's breadth in mind than in body. I overheard her saying one day to her father, 'It makes me ill to look at him,' and I knew what she meant, for I believe we dwarfs do by our crookedness cause some very miserable feelings to arise in men's minds; and if they could have seen my hateful and passionate nature they would have thrust me down in the mud and spat upon me. But my love for this young lady was so strong that I forgave her all her thoughtless words, and keeping well away from her sight worshipped her none the less. The father of this lady was the kindest man I have ever known; he treated me not as a boy, but as a man, asking my advice as his equal many a time, which no one had done to me before. So, in my silent and quiet way I liked this man very much, and loved the beautiful young lady so well that it is impossible for me now to say how much I loved her. It was natural that so beautiful a young lady should have other lovers, and these were two in number, one whom I liked, and one whom I hated. There is something I cannot dwell upon with pleasure in the liking I felt for the one man, for though I had never spoken to him or met him face to face, yet I knew he was a fine, worthy fellow, as good as he was tall, and I included him in my thoughts of the beautiful young lady, and I hoped he would marry her and not the other. There was something narrow and loathsome in the hatred I felt for the other lover—I spited him in every way I could, I dropped spiders on him as he came upstairs, I have tried to trip him up in the dark; and once I fixed some nails in the bannister-rail to tear his hand, which by ill luck tore the lady's hand, she chancing to be the next who came down that way.

It did me good to find the visits of the bad man getting rarer and rarer, and those of the good man becoming more and more frequent, so that I thought all was going on well, and many times I went and listened at the door, and they were saying soft things to one another.



she and the lover I liked, and I was happy to think that I was always in my garret over her head wishing them well, and hating the other man with all my heart.

One evening, it was on the 26th of last June, I had heard the beautiful young lady come in, and another step follow her upstairs, and presently, coming down to bless them at their love-making through the door, I recognised the voice of the other man whom I hated, and he sat by my young lady and talked to her in false flattering words. Until now, though I had often listened before, it had been a point of honour with me to use no means of spying, easy as it would have been to do on account of the badly-fitting door. But I felt that there was no restraint of honour with this man, and he was there, as I knew from my young lady's words, against her will. She was forever beseeching him to go, and he was forever answering that if he did go her father should suffer for it. So without much hesitation I looked at them through the crack of the door, and what I saw made me return to my room; and when I came down again, stepping like a cat over the creaking stairs, there was a piece of iron in my hand, an old hinge that I had picked up somewhere, and what I meant to do with it I didn't know. I stood there on watch, and heard every word that passed between them, and I thought, Now, perhaps, I may help the beautiful young lady if she wants a helper.

I need not tell you all that passed between them, and what the man said, and how he looked; but at every move he made, and every word he said, bringing the blush into my beautiful lady's cheek, I felt a new life springing up within me, and I seemed to grow in those few minutes into a full-shaped man with terrible thoughts whirling in my brain, and a heavy iron hinge in my hand. At last the moment came when what I saw stung me past endurance; I went calmly and resolutely to the back drawing-room door, and opened it noiselessly. It was used as a bed-room, and I passed by her bed, so spotlessly white that I dared not touch it with my finger, and on into the front room where the beautiful young lady stood, as I saw, at bay, and he was advancing upon her. I killed him: I thought the beautiful young lady had died too, but it was fright only that made her swoon away. I ran out into the street and cried 'Murder!' and folk came running in, and I the murderer among them, and none knew it. And when enquiry was made I got off for many reasons. The young lady, I doubt, had not seen me, or if she had, she refused to swear to me, for which, if it were so, I thank her; I have loved her always. Then they said I had poor wits, and would never do such a thing; I cannot tell how that may be, I did it. Then I had no strength to deal the blows under which the murdered man fell; they were right there, I have

never had the strength before or since. Then such evidence as I gave, not with any wish to save myself, and never being asked the question directly, seemed to show some man had been there watching the house for ever so long, by whom I suppose I meant myself. They said, too, for I heard all the talk about it when they thought I wasn't listening, I had no motive to the crime. Fools! I laughed at them for this, till they laughed again.

But, oh! the dreary things that came of it. The beautiful young lady, whether she knew it or not, suspected what I had done, and the father, that good friend of mine, knew all as if he had seen it; I could read it in the horror of his eyes. He took the beautiful young lady and went away with her; and since then I have taken the hinge, rusted all over, and red at the thicker end, with man's hairs upon it, and kept it with me wherever I went. I have been wandering for months to find the beautiful young lady, but the bloody hinge, frightens her away. And now I am going somewhere else to look for her; but take you the hinge and bury it in a churchyard grave for it is red with the blood of a man. Tell the beautiful young lady all that I have told you; I am still looking for her.

'This was the end of the Dwarf's story, and he soon afterwards died in great agony, having suffered all his life, so the physicians said, from an accumulation of disorders. I found the hinge just as he described it, but anything about the murder, or whether indeed it ever occurred, I have not made out.'

When Titus finished his story, John Anderson gave a great sigh of sympathy.

'Blessed is that dwarf,' he said, 'for whether he was a murderer in life, or was merely vexed with the phantom of bloodshed, he has escaped from it all; but I am here, on this peace-making Christmas Eve, ill at ease, and ever shall be, for the things that I have seen and heard, and for that stain of crime that shuts me out from Margaret. You too, Titus, have told a terrible thing, but the trouble of it rests not with you; it came in at the ear and out at the mouth, even as the words were spoken. Is it not so?'

And his friend Titus, who for many months, and ever since his return from Bath had marked trouble in his eye, and did not know until this night the cause of it, tried to cheer him up with assurances of the griefs an Ashen Faggot had been known to cure, when it was well burnt up, and the punch just cool enough for the palate. Indeed Titus Hoskin had thought as he told his story that pity for the poor dwarf, and his load of murderous thoughts would go some way towards soothing his friend's disorder; but it proved otherwise, some likeness

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in the deed that had been done breeding an excess of misery that was not to be relieved by pity.

And in the midst of all this the faggot, which had been burning but slowly, bestirred itself, and the second band of withies snapped and fell apart with glowing ends; the ashen billets separated a little, and there were signs that the third band would not last long.

'Sir,' said Titus Hoskin, addressing the stranger, 'if there happens to be anything on your mind, and it will at all relieve you to tell a story, do so. For myself I am curious to know the truth of the dwarf's confession which I have just narrated to you; otherwise my conscience is clear, and my heart would be merry enough but for the dumps into which my friend Mr. Anderson has fallen, in part through love and in part through murder. For his sake let your story be of a cheerful complexion.'

John Anderson smiled in a way that meant he was beyond reach of cheering, but he motioned to the stranger to begin his story.

The stranger removed his hand from his hairy face, and began:

'By a singular providence, I who am at this moment sitting in the Oak Parlour of the "Jolly Sandboys" was, on the 26th of June, in this year of our Lord 18—, Clown and Shakesperian Jester on the establishment of horse-riders under Signor Tagliano. My name is Joe Fillis.'

Titus Hoskin and John Anderson started back at this announcement like the two sides of a ripe broom-pod when the sun shines upon it. They jumped up and left their chairs on each side of him, astonished that they could have sat so long by a man who had blood upon his hands.

'You have killed a man, sir; what business have you with us?' said John Anderson, and he shuddered and hid his eyes.

Titus Hoskin keeping his eyes fixed upon the stranger stepped to the door, and stood there waiting for what might happen next.

The stranger, who seemed to have been prepared for the consternation caused by his words, was silent for a minute, and then spoke.

'You didn't know me, John Anderson; but under professional paint and powder I had a strong stubble rising every day. I left Tagliano three months ago, and let it grow. No one knows me now. You, Mr. Hoskin, have never set eyes on me before, but you account me a murderer as your friend does; you are also troubled with the deed of that poor dead dwarf. Was his name Crucifix Dalton?'

This question, which was addressed to Mr. Hoskin, was answered by a nod of assent, and the ex-clown proceeded.

'Tidings of Crucifix's death come to me this evening for the first time. I was drawn to this Inn and into this Parlour by the will of

John Anderson ; within the last twelve hours his thoughts have been concentrated on me, no doubt because of that which prevents this blessed season being a season of peace to him. He may not have known that he was exercising any influence over me ; he was doing so, however, and I was forced to come. I entered this room under that influence, feeling compelled to make a clean breast of all that happened on that 26th of June. I did not wish to come, I was forced to come ; I did not wish to speak, but I knew I could not keep silence. Since I have come into this room, and between the snapping of the first and second bands of that faggot on the hearth, I have heard a thing which shows me that what I speak will be believed.

‘What you have said about my faculties being not what they should be on that night is quite correct. Though in a general way the influence you brought to bear upon me has been harmless, yet on that the last night you mesmerised me, the sudden shock of what you said and did put me out of myself so that my head was not what it should be. Although I have suspected it, I never heard till now of the orders young Cranshaw Tagliano had given to the ostlers and attendants about keeping me away from home. I have had something of the sort whispered in my ear, and I have thought that the Signor himself had some connection with the affair, and knew pretty well what his son was about when he met his death. But the Signor never suspected that *I* had lifted up a hand against his son, and never thought from the quickness with which I returned to the Ring ten minutes after the time I left it, that I had ever gone from the premises. He suspected nothing, and more especially because there was strong evidence of another man having committed the murder who had escaped over some garden-walls, and could not be traced any further. From the description of the dress of this man they must have referred to you, Mr. Anderson.’

At this point of the story Mr. Hoskin, who had edged away from the door and taken his stand at the side of John Anderson, returned to the door again, and fixed his eyes on his friend. The clown meanwhile continued :

‘All that Mr. Anderson has said up to the moment when I climbed the spout in white tights, their chalkiness helping me, is true. Mr. Anderson then ran back to the front of the house, and I looked in at the window. Through that back drawing-room which was for the time the bedroom of my daughter, Margaret Fillis, I looked and saw Crucifix Dalton stealing up to young Cranshaw with the iron in his hand. That dwarf has appeared before God without a lie on his soul. God be merciful to his other sin. He lived in our house, as he told Mr. Hoskin, keeping to his own room, seeing no one, and yet knowing everything ; all about *you*, for instance, Mr. Anderson, though you

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never saw or heard of him. I was not blinded into thinking him less a man for his crooked body and his poor wits; I knew him for a true friend, but one thing I had not guessed, his beautiful love for Margaret. Poor man! It was a pure and beautiful passion, and it led him to murder.'

Joe Fillis paused in his story, and the other two men standing together now with something of the true explanation of things breaking in upon them, waited breathlessly and listened to the ticking of the clock.

'At the moment I reached the window-sill and looked in, Crucifix was raising the weapon in his hands; I could not have stopped the blow, but there was time to warn Cranshaw Tagliano of his danger with a shout. Young Cranshaw had always been my enemy and Margaret's enemy, forever trying, and almost succeeding through his influence with the Signor, to get us both into his power. He had done me more harm than any man alive, but whether I remembered this and let him die I cannot tell; I think not; I think in the sudden realisation of the dwarf's purpose I lost the power of speech. The moment for Cranshaw to turn and avoid the blow was past; the blow fell, and the enemy of myself and my child was a dead man.

'I can't tell how I got back to the Circus. I did somehow, and was in the Ring before anyone guessed I had done aught but run round the corner for a pot of porter. The Signor came up in a minute to compliment me in his stately way for the hit I had made by going off through the gallery-door, and asked me to repeat it next day, with variations. I stared him in the face till he must have thought me mad, for I had just seen his son beaten down and killed in my home, and I dared not speak of it. I said to myself, "If I tell him I shall get into a mess myself, and poor mad Crucifix will be hanged; I will wait and see if Crucifix is taken:" and just then a man came running with the news.

'I will do the Signor justice; whatever he may have been before, Cranshaw's death softened him. He treated me more kindly after that; so that knowing what I did, and not daring to tell it (for the course matters took kept me silent), I could not bear to be with him; I could not jump, and joke, and drink, and laugh with him, when all that weight was on my mind. So three months ago I left Signor Tagliano's Grand Sardinian Circus, and my beard grew till no one knew me.'

The ex-clown would have prolonged his explanations but for the yielding of the third and last faggot-band. The billets rolled apart, sending a shower of sparks up the chimney, and turned their un-charred sides to the flames.

Titus Hoskin held out his hand to Fillis, and began to speak; but Anderson checked him with the word, 'Stop!' and ran out of the room. In a minute he reappeared, leading or rather dragging into the Oak Parlour, Margaret Fillis.

Bewildered as she was, she allowed John Anderson to retain her hand in his whilst she looked to her father for some explanation of what had occurred.

This, as may be supposed, was no easy matter when everyone spoke at once, and John Anderson stopped every ten seconds to assure everyone that he was never happier in his whole life.

Titus Hoskin was the first to recover himself; and his suggestion, urged in the name of order and sobriety, was that he and Fillis should retire to the sideboard and prepare the first brew of punch. Agreed unanimously; and John Anderson and Margaret having a great deal to say to each other chose the ingle corner of the fireplace to say it in, and, finding that too hot, changed to the settle where they sat till the clock struck twelve, and the bells came crashing down from their perch, trying to beat and hammer a new heart into the old world.

Then as the Ashen Faggot, green a few hours ago, lay in grey ashes on the hearth, they drank 'A grey good-bye to this Christmas Eve, and a green welcome to the next;' and so parted for the night.

PERRIN BROWNE.

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# THE DUCHY OF BRITTANY AND THE CROWN OF FRANCE.

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## PART I.

THE historic rotation of the Capet family may be said to have been the gradual evolving of the uniform and centralised nation of modern France out of the miscellaneous assemblage of Aliens, and detached countries which covered the French soil in the tenth century. This stupendous task—the complete execution of which required many ages of protracted statesmanship—nowhere encountered more delays and difficulties in the way of its accomplishment than in the rugged peninsula, which, in the middle ages, formed the Duchy of Brittany. This circumstance may be very easily accounted for. The geographical position of this province, the long period during which it maintained its existence as a separate State under its own native dynasty, and its own freely-elected assemblies; the precise and emphatic terms of the Union-Charter, by which it at length consented to join itself to the great nation at its side; and, finally, the stubborn and unyielding temperament of its race and people. All these causes long conspired to make of Brittany a little world apart, and to paralyse within its borders for, at least, three centuries and a-half the action of those various moral, social, and governmental influences which, in many parts of France, had been steadily and busily at work ever since the reign of St. Louis.

The bond by which France and Brittany were joined together at the close of the 15th century began, like that between Spain and the Low Countries between Castile and Arragon, by being a purely matrimonial one; and the tie thus formed, having been twice broken by the hand of Death within the first thirty years, needed to be knitted together for the third time before it was made fast and secure.

In 1491 the marriage of Charles VIII. of France with Anne of

Brittany established for the first time a personal union between the two countries; but upon the death of the king without issue, the work had to be begun over again; and Charles' successor, Louis of Orleans, having, not without difficulty, procured a divorce from his first wife, obtained the hand of the widowed queen. But, here again, the chapter of accidents proved adverse; for from this marriage resulted nothing but daughters, who were indeed capable of succeeding to their mother's duchy, but whom the fundamental law of the French monarchy excluded from their father's throne. On the death of Louis XII., therefore, the crowns of France and Brittany would again pass to different heads; and a third dynastic marriage had in consequence to be contracted between Claude, the eldest daughter of Anne, and Francis of Angoulême, who succeeded his cousin in 1514.

But here a final difficulty still presented itself for solution. Anne of Brittany, desirous to prevent the absorption of her hereditary duchy into the general body of the French monarchy, had been careful to stipulate that the Breton crown should pass, on her daughter's death, to the second son, or, failing one, to the eldest daughter of Claude's marriage.

The execution of this clause would have entailed the most disastrous result. The death of Queen Claude, whose eldest daughter had married the Duke of Savoy, would have transferred Brittany to a family who, during the sixteenth century, were constantly at bitter feud with the House of Valois, and France would thus have been grievously dismembered just at the crisis when her whole strength was scarcely capable of coping with Charles V. and Philip II. The danger was at that time far too obvious to be overlooked, and accordingly the first step towards parrying it was taken by the province of Brittany itself. In the year 1532 the Estates of Vannes requested Francis I. 'to attach their country to the kingdom of France by a perpetual union, in order that no war, dissension, or enmity might henceforth arise between them.' The connection, merely temporary and personal, which had for forty years subsisted between the two crowns, was thus changed into an intimate and irrevocable union between the two countries. France gained thereby a most important guarantee for the integrity of her territory on the north-west side, and Brittany received in exchange a charter whereby her old laws, franchises, and institutions, were acknowledged and confirmed in the most ample terms.

Each of the two contracting parties appeared to feel the most cordial satisfaction at the conclusion of this transaction, and in virtue of it the Duchy of Brittany enjoyed for the next half-century a larger measure of Parliamentary liberty than was at that time



possessed by any other continental country. The province was administered by a succession of governors, acting for the most part in perfect harmony with the Estates of Brittany, which were convoked from year to year at Rennes, Nantes, Vannes, or Vitie. These assemblies were here, as elsewhere, composed of deputies from the three political orders, between whom, however, a much greater degree of friendship and good understanding appears to have prevailed in Brittany than in the rest of France. The nobles and high clergy, the privileged classes, distinguished by exceptional honours and preferments, were here not severed morally from the general mass of the people by any tradition of violent conquest, and all the three ranks were intimately knit together by their common devotion to the cause of the Roman Catholic faith, which nowhere exercised the same complete ascendant over the popular sentiment as in this country.

This religious loyalty was destined ere long to undergo a searching and decisive test. In the reign of Francis I., the theological movement of Germany and Switzerland began to propagate itself in the French provinces, and by the middle of the century it had made such progress that the whole kingdom was divided into two bitterly hostile camps. The Reformers covered the country with a number of churches which, in the year 1565, were said to number upwards of two thousand: the royal House of Navarre, and many of the most powerful feudal families of France declared for them, and the party thus formed, finding themselves compelled to draw the sword in self-defence, held its own in a series of civil wars against the utmost efforts of the royal authority, contracted peace treaties on equal terms with the sons of Henry II., and even extorted the cession to themselves of Rochelle and other strong places as guarantee towns. It was feared that they might ultimately gain the upper hand throughout the kingdom, and re-enact in France the scenes which Scotland, England, and half Germany had already witnessed; and this alarm, acting with the utmost energy upon the fanatic masses of the French people, was the chief among the moral forces which combined to produce the famous Catholic League.

Meanwhile the Protestant missionaries had not overlooked the province of Brittany, and their chances of success in this country at first seemed all the more promising that the great houses of Rohan and others, whom the whole population had hitherto regarded as their natural leaders, were at an early period won over to the League. Yet all the zeal and influence of these princes proved powerless for all purposes of conversion elsewhere than within the immediate precincts of their own castles. In the most flourishing days of French Calvinism, when the Reformers, as we have seen

counted two thousand five hundred churches attached to their rite, only eighteen of these belonged to the Duchy of Brittany; and out of this scanty number only one remained thirty years later to represent Protestant Brittany at the Synod of Saumur.

The very weakness of the Reformers in this duchy became, however, their best safeguard; and in spite of a few partial commotions at various points we nowhere read of civil war, massacres, or even of any serious application of the successive proscriptive edicts published by the last Valois kings, and for a long time this province escaped being drawn into the hideous circle of fire and blood which, since the first appeal to arms in 1562, had never ceased to desolate the other countries of the monarchy.

But when the thoughtlessness of Henry III. committed the duchy, which had been hitherto administered by a succession of discreet and moderate governors, into the hands of a Lorraine prince, a near relative of the Guises, the first prognostics of an untoward change began to be visible.

Philippe Emmanuel de Lorraine, Duc de Mercœur, who in 1582 succeeded the Duc de Penthièvre as Governor, was about the most perversely dangerous choice that the King could have possibly made. The new comer was beset on all sides by motives and influences not at all of a nature to strengthen him in the way of his duty. On the one hand his cousinship with the factious Guises must necessarily predispose him, when the crisis should arrive, to prefer the cause of the League to the service of his royal master; and in the second place he was married to a wife, whose descent, through the Penthièvres from the old ducal House of Brittany, promised, on the threatened extinction of Duchess Anne's lineal descendants, to give him and his children a very plausible pretext for fishing with advantage in troubled waters. Accordingly the new Governor's gratitude could not long prevail against the temptations which impelled him in a contrary direction. For two years he did indeed maintain an outward appearance of caution and reserve; but in 1584, when the decease of the Duc d'Anjou, the King's only surviving brother, gave fresh authority and energy to the action of the League, he himself, together with a large part of his province, openly declared for that party. In fact the death referred to had totally changed the relations hitherto existing in Brittany between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants.

The childless Henry III. was now the sole survivor of the race of Valois. On his death the constitution required that he should be succeeded by the nearest heir, in the male line, of the royal house, and to find one it was necessary to go back three centuries, to the sixth son of St. Louis, Robert of Clermont, whose representative, Henry of



Navarre, was the acknowledged head of the Protestant interest. A most embarrassing dilemma was thus created for the great mass of the Frenchmen of that day, who followed the lead of the so-called politiques, and wishing to remain both Catholics and Royalists held a middling position between the two extreme parties of the Huguenots and the Leaguers. To the mind of the sixteenth century it seemed out of the question that a nation of Catholics should obey a Protestant sovereign; and yet the Frenchmen of that time could hardly reconcile themselves to the idea of setting aside the fundamental law of the monarchy. Thus the question, hitherto apparently a purely religious one, which had till now divided the nation against itself, was now further embroiled with a political problem; the feud became still more bitter and angry in the regions where it had hitherto prevailed most keenly; and in provinces like Brittany that practical understanding to keep the peace on both sides which, as we have seen, had been rendered possible by the weakness of one of the contending factions, could no longer be maintained now that the newly risen constitutional problem had disturbed the old party balance.

After four years of painful suspense, the crisis seemed to be pressing forward to rapid solution. In the last months of 1588, the capital, where Lorraine influences had long been secretly at work, rose in armed revolt against the Louvre, and the weak Henry III., having in vain sought a point of support for his tottering throne in the States-General of Blois, saw no means of safety and self-defence left him except that of striking his enemies in the person of their two principal leaders. The double crime of December roused every part of France against the royal assassin; and Mercœur had now no difficulty in enlisting his province heart and soul in the cause of the League. The urban masses rose and installed popular governments in the large towns, the impulsion and example of the Commune of Nantes spread the movement through the whole peninsula, and Mercœur was proclaimed with one voice 'Chief and Governor of Brittany pending the assembling of the Estates for the maintenance and protection of Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion, and the conservation of the liberties of the province.' Armed with this popular sanction, he hastened to Rennes, where the Catholic party had gained the upper hand, and, appearing in the midst of the parliament, sought to gain their support for the policy on which he was about to enter. But having failed to make the slightest impression on this body, notably the most royalist company in Brittany, he hurried in disgust from the town which, soon after his departure, was recovered for the Royalists by a bold and skilful *coup de main*.

This success had important results, as Rennes was never won back by the Catholic party, and during the whole ensuing period of civil

war the parliamentary city was one of the few points in the province which remained faithful throughout to the cause of hereditary right. The entire country outside its walls, with the exception of two or three garrison towns held by troops of the line, and of a few fortified chateaux belonging to the domains of the Rohan, Laval, and de Rieux families, implicitly obeyed Mercœur, who, encouraged by the general compliance of the duchy during the next few years, appears to have combined his devotion to the cause of the League with certain plans of ambition on his own account. His only daughter, the date of whose birth happened to coincide with the beginning of the troubles, was christened with the name of the province, and a chorus of salaried pamphleteers were busily employed keeping the circumstance of his wife's descent constantly present to the minds of the Bretons. The first few years of the civil war in Brittany, which formed a kind of side scene to the great struggle that was transacting itself in France, appears to favour the Governor's views. The fall of Henry III., under the dagger of Jacques Clement, and the succession of Henry of Navarre to the crown, was, in the first instance, a severe blow to the Royalists, as they now had to grapple at once with that perplexing dilemma between their religious belief and their political allegiance, which had hitherto been a mere question of the 'contingent future.' Accordingly, when in the early days of August, Mercœur sent to the parliament of Rennes a herald with an announcement of the news, and a summons that they should either adhere to the Catholic Union, or else recognise a Protestant king, that loyal company, sorely embarrassed and confounded, could think of no better rejoinder to the message than that of hanging the messenger as a traitorous alarmist who had sought to terrify them with false tidings. This step, however, in no way removed the logical difficulty in which the event of St. Cloud had placed both them and all the other defenders of legal right in France, and after a short period of trouble and uncertainty, the opponents of the League fell back upon the only tenable position left to them. They declared that they remained faithful to the royal authority, pending the fulfilment of the promise solemnly made by the present holder of the kingly title, that he would shortly undergo instruction and conversion. On the faith of this assurance most of the leading organs of opinion had from the first pronounced themselves against disturbing the lineal order of succession, and in the trial of strength which followed between the League and the King's adherents, the bulk of the French nation took an expectant attitude as neutrals and spectators, but with their sympathies visibly setting more and more against the allies of the Spaniards, and in favour of the heroic victor of Argues and Ivry. The capital indeed



its religious ardour inflamed by the harangues of fanatic preachers, and its soul stirred to the depths by the blindest attachment to its slaughtered idol, seemed for a time to prefer the prospect of a change of dynasty, of a foreign yoke, and even of its own annihilation, to the infamy of submission to its heretic besieger; but the day was not yet come when the fiat of the Paris populace should circulate through the provinces with the authority of a Mahometan firman, bearing its errand of crime, destruction, and anarchy to the remotest corners of the empire.

Nowhere, however, did the fire of civil and religious discord burn longer or more fiercely than in Brittany. The town of Rennes, indeed, under the influence of its parliament, adhered steadily to the royal cause, but in all other places the Catholic Union was almost everywhere recognised, and Nantes, the largest and richest city in the duchy, showed itself a second Paris in the ardour of its devotion to the Lorraine party, and in its hatred for the Calvinist successor of Henry III. In fact, whereas the reception given by Paris to the King, after his conversion in the year 1593, proved that the violent temperament of the capital had been but a transient fever crisis, destined, after running its course to abate and die away by reason of its very excess, the strong and stubborn fibre of the Breton character asserted itself in the sturdy resistance made by the Nantese down to the year 1598. It is true, however, that in Brittany, as elsewhere, the civil war passed through two very distinct phases. From 1589 to 1593 the action of the Catholic Union was resolute, determined, and well combined; their party steadily gained ground on the enemy even in 1592, a success of some importance over his whole force, and would inevitably have overpowered the Royalists in the province, but for the constant supplies of men and arms with which its long coast line enabled England to furnish her Protestant allies. But when the abjuration of St. Denis had notably diminished the number and the valor of the King's enemies, the campaigns in Brittany slackened visibly; and Mercœur was only able to hold his position by the free employment of Spanish mercenaries whose presence did not tend to win the popular sympathy for the party which they served. And finally, when in 1595 the converted prince received the Pope's plenary absolution for his former errors of faith, the cause of the League became morally so weak that its total collapse was merely a question of time. The fickle capital was now keenly repentant and royalist. Mayenne and the chief ringleaders of the Lorraine faction had laid their swords at the feet of the Bearnese; in Brittany itself town after town had seceded from the Union, which was only able to maintain a tottering authority over certain districts of the province by enlisting in its

service a number of felon marauders, who took advantage of the disturbance of the time to carry out a wholesale system of licensed brigandage under the cover of the Catholic banner. The first place on this list of bandits must be assigned to one Guy Baron de Fontenelle, a personage whose career of distinction and incendiarism was so sweeping and so thoroughgoing, that traces of his may to this day be observed in the Finisterre region, and who might almost be regarded (making due allowance for the limited science and the imperfect appliances of those times) as the forerunner and founder of the modern school of *petroleurs* and *petroleuses*. As this hero enjoyed the singular good fortune of finding a good and able chronicler, who had known him in his younger days at the College of Navarre, and who has taken extreme pains to keep a minute and authentic journal of his schoolfellow's exploits in Brittany, it will perhaps be interesting to relate a few specimen incidents of his career.

When the Paris barricades of 1588 gave the signal for troubles which were soon to become general throughout the kingdom, Fontenelle, then aged 16, ran away from school and returned to his native district in Brittany. Before the civil war was fairly afoot, he had begun to pillage the region of Treguer, with a band of men recruited from the vassals of his family, and several open towns, such as Lannion, Pampol, and Landernian were plundered by him. Having then hoisted the colours of the League, he seized and fortified a point called Coet, which became his first head-quarters. Here, in the intervals between his plundering sallies, he amused himself with hideous orgies, seasoned with the most frightful cruelties towards his prisoners, and hither he brought a young girl of eight years of age, whom he had kidnapped, and whom he afterwards married. Driven from this place he next seized the château of Cranec, won by an infamous piece of treachery employed against an adherent of the party which he professed to serve.

He then attacked and pillaged the towns of Roscoff and Douarnenerne. Near this latter place he noticed to the seaward a point of rock which, being daily cut off from the land by the rising tide, could not be reduced by regular siege operations. Here he established and fortified himself as in a spider's web, defying the royal force, bringing home from his repeated excursions plunder and prisoners, and often subjecting the latter to the most cruel tortures for the purpose of extracting from them the maximum of ransom.

Having beaten off several parties of troops that were sent against him, he made a bold sally, and burnt to the ground Pont-Croix and the important town of Penmarch, whose ghastly ruins still scare the natives of that region. He then returned with an enormous booty to



his fastness, there to wait patiently till the impending treaty of peace should enable him to enjoy in peace and quietness the full fruition of the great fortune which the war had given him the means of earning.

The long civil war in Brittany, disastrous and destructive as was its general effect, had none the less brought about one excellent result—it had given a strong and keen impulsion to the public life of the province; its Estates, which though convoked from year to year, and treated with much respect and deference by the successive governors, had steadily declined in importance in the half century since the Act of Union, now recovered their full measure of power and influence, and the old Parliamentary traditions of the duchy were able to assert themselves with renewed energy at the moment when the two contending parties leaned on two rival representative assemblies sitting at Nantes and Rennes, and attached, the former to the cause of the Catholic Union, the latter to the Royalist side.

The Estates of Rennes particularly, in virtue of the moral authority and support given by them to the cause which was at first the weaker one, were in a position to exert a decisive action on the policy of the Royal Governor, the Prince de Dombes. They sent agents to foreign Powers, suggested the contracting of certain alliances, and with a view to maintaining their control over the march of affairs during their vocation, established a permanent committee under the title of 'Commission Intermediate.' The employment of English troops to balance the Spanish mercenaries whom Mercœur introduced into the province, was resorted to at their advice, but the timely aid rendered by these foreign allies was entirely outweighed by their repeated outbreaks of religious Vandalism against the churches, by their acts of rapine and insolence among the peasantry, and above all by their loudly-declared intention of exacting the permanent possession of Brest or Morlaix in requital for their good services; and the Estates demanded and obtained their dismissal from the French soil, in spite of the extreme reluctance of the King, who desired to avoid offending his good sister Elizabeth. Their power likewise asserted itself at the expense of the Prince de Dombes himself, who, having incurred the personal dislike of some among their members, was compelled to give up his post as soon as he could find an honourable reason for doing so; and his successor, M. d'Epernay, could only maintain himself in office by deferring in all respects to the will of the Intermediate Commission. He found himself constrained to make concession after concession to the Estates of 1595, who, without paying the slightest attention to his urgent protests and objections, insisted on ordering, according to their own views, all matters of war, taxation, and police. During the Session of 1596, they even went so far as to

annul a royal treaty concluded and ratified by the royal authority. The deputies of St. Malo, which, on its recent secession from the Catholic Union, had procured for itself terms of exceptional advantage, appeared at the Estates, holding in their hands a covenant whereby the King had consented to exempt their town from all imports during the next six years. The three orders, however, declared with one voice that no power on earth could relieve any member of the Breton body-politic from the obligation to bear its due proportion of the public burden; and the astute treaty-makers were fain to see their townsmen and themselves included, without favour or privilege, in the general body of taxpayers.

The firmly-expressed wish of the Estates moreover availed to bring about the step, which at length concluded the protracted period of warfare. Henry IV., who had hitherto devoted his special attention to the campaigns on the Netherland's side of his kingdom, and left the struggle in Brittany to take care of itself, was at length induced, at the repeated instances of the three orders, to proceed in person to the disturbed duchy. His appearance produced a magical effect. The weapons fell from the hands of the last warriors of the exhausted Catholic Union, the few towns still in revolt vied with one another in the promptness of their submission, and Mercœur himself was glad to purchase the conqueror's pardon and favour by betrothing his only child to the young Duc de Vendôme, son of Henry and of Gabrielle d'Estrées; a transaction by which a splendid marriage connection together with the reversion of the immense Penthievre succession was secured for the royal bastard. This concession completely reconciled Henry with the obstinate Leaguers, but unfortunately the over-forgiving monarch was prevailed upon to extend an almost equal measure of indulgence to the odious Fontenelle, who received the King's pardon for his rebellion, together with a full and formal absolution for all his acts of murder, arson, and brigandage, and notably for the destruction of Penmarch.

It is, however, pleasant to relate that this measure of mischievous clemency was merely a short respite for the criminal; the decree concerning him was only registered under emphatic protest by the Parliaments of France, and these companies, whose strong corporate feeling and robust judicial memory often enabled them to rectify a first miscarriage of justice, found means to implicate Fontenelle in Buon's conspiracy, three years later, and in 1601 the arch-felon paid the penalty of his crimes on the Place de Grève.

[To be continued.]



## SPORT IN THE RAJAHMUNDY DISTRICT, INDIA.

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WHEN I consider the difficulty of obtaining shooting, even of the very roughest description, in England, or, obtaining it, the annoyance, vexation, and expense of preserving the game that costs far more than it is worth, my thoughts—like those, I daresay, of many Anglo-Indians at home—revert fondly to sport in Hindostan, though indeed there are many parts of that vast country where it is as difficult to shoot a hare, a deer, or a partridge as in Great Britain itself. No such place was Rajahmundry in the Madras Presidency, however, fifteen years ago: the little station was a perfect paradise for an active sportsman, and though I have seen a good deal of India I have never known any other part of the country so abundant in game as the Rajahmundry District—of late years called ‘Godavery,’ after the great river of that name flowing through it.

Duty compelled me to reside in this district for upwards of a twelvemonth, and although I had frequently heard of the magnificent sport to be had in the neighbourhood of the Godavery River, I was quite unprepared for the abundance of game I saw there; the more so as I had previously little experience of sport in India, and had never shot anything bigger than a snipe there. I recollect my first introduction to the delights of Rajahmundry was as follows:—The District Judge there observed me one morning shooting green pigeons, with great enthusiasm; and it may be remarked, *en passant*, that this is no bad fun, for it requires a keen eye and a ready trigger to observe and bring down these birds that are the colour of the leaves of the Banyan trees in which they conceal themselves—and, entering into conversation, recommended me to try some plains a mile-and-a-half from the station, which he assured me were well stocked with antelope. He further kindly offered to lend me his rifle, as I did not possess one myself—an offer I accepted; and the following afternoon

cantered off, about three p.m., for the ground indicated. To be candid, I had little expectation of seeing deer so close to the station. What was my surprise, then, to come upon a herd of between thirty and forty, the greater part of them lying down, and so tame that the sentinel does allowed me to ride within a hundred yards of them before they expressed any uneasiness at my approach. The ground was a large *maidan*, or plain, cultivated in patches here and there, and showing at intervals long coarse yellow grass, in thick tufts, as we see rushes grow in ill-drained fields at home; but where the herd lay the ground was as bare as a public road, and I accordingly slipped off my horse, and snatched the rifle from the horsekeeper. Holding the reins in one hand and the cocked rifle in the other, I edged a little nearer to the herd; but the sentinel does were now on the *qui vive*, and each sharp tap of their fore feet upon the ground had at once the effect of rousing one or more of the deer lying down, until at last the whole herd—black bucks, and brown does, and fawns stood huddled up together watching me, at about eighty yards' distance, and ready for a 'bolt,' to which course of action one or two of the old bucks apparently impelled them by dunts of their horns, pushing one deer against another.

Now was my chance! I dropped the reins, letting the horse walk on, brought the rifle to my shoulder, and banged both barrels into the 'brown' of the herd. It was unsportsmanlike, I know, to do so; I should have selected a black buck for the first shot, and another, or a picked doe, for the second; but recollect that it was my first shot at deer, that I was trembling with excitement, and that I foolishly supposed that the present was a chance that might not occur to me again for a long time. With the double report I saw two deer on the ground, one a full grown doe, the other a fawn. The first lay, kicking, on her back, but the second, with a broken leg, was hobbling away at a pretty good pace. Hastily reloading the rifle, I holloed to the horsekeeper to come up, threw him my *shikar* knife, with directions to cut the doe's throat, and mounting my nag, who was, as an old charger, perfectly steady under fire, rode away at my best pace after the wounded fawn. After a short chase I got alongside her, pulled up the horse, and shot her dead off his back—when, on examination, I found that the first shot had broken a fore-leg near the knee-joint; the other doe had been shot straight through the body.

Meanwhile the herd had gone away at their best pace, and were lost in the distance by this time; but the reader may imagine the satisfaction with which I admired the brace of deer while the horsekeeper ran off to a few huts, at some little distance, to find a coolie or two to carry home the game. It never struck me that I might get more

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deer that evening, for it was now five o'clock; but on the horsekeeper returning with the coolies, and the latter telling me that I would be sure to find other herds not half-a-mile away, I left one man with the dead deer, and taking the other and the horsekeeper with me, rode after my guide. True enough, after we had gone about the distance mentioned, we came upon another herd of ten or fifteen deer, who seemed, while grazing under some *mimosa* bushes, to be quite unconscious of our presence. There was a fine and very black buck among them which I decided to make my own if possible, so directing the horsekeeper to take my nag and the coolie a circuit so as to attract the attention of the herd, I threw myself on the ground and commenced to stalk it from bush to bush. The ground was very favourable for my purpose, as there were numerous *mimosa* bushes and tufts of grass to afford cover; and, taking advantage of the concealment offered by these, and occasionally creeping over bare spots, *ventre à terre*, I managed at last to get to a bush about sixty yards from the big buck, who was busy watching, with the rest of the herd, my horse and his progress.

Here I crouched for a little time, partly to recover breath and partly to afford the buck an opportunity of changing his position, an unfavourable one for a shot, as he was end on to me. Haply, as I watched him, lying on my chest, a doe annoyed him in some way or other, and to chastise her he chased her in a small circle, which brought him still closer to me, and caused him for a moment to offer an easy broadside shot. That moment was his last. My bullet sped true to its mark, a spot behind the shoulder; and the buck, after a kind of scurry for a few yards, toppled over, and was stone dead by the time I reached him. I was, griffin that I was, so overjoyed with my good fortune that I never thought of firing the second barrel at one of the flying herd. The remaining deer all skedaddled in safety, while I stupidly looked after them until they were far beyond the range of the loaded barrel I held in my hand. Still three antelope—one a fine black buck, with a handsome pair of spiral horns twenty-seven inches in length—was not a bad bag for an afternoon's shooting, and I returned in high glee to the station, four stout coolies bearing the game between them, tied by the legs to a long bamboo pole. The same evening I wrote to my agent in London directing him to send me a rifle by Westley Richards, made to order; and, as I killed a great number of antelope with this weapon afterwards—so many indeed that, before I left Rajahmundry, I had a tolerably large bedroom completely carpeted with their skins—I may as well say that it was a double Enfield, highly finished as a sporting rifle, and so true up to three or four hundred yards, that I always credited misses at those

distances to my own bad shooting, rather than to that justly celebrated maker.

About the same time that I received this rifle, I was lucky enough to purchase, for one hundred and fifty rupees, a pair of Australian kangaroo hounds from a gentleman leaving Rajahmundry for Europe, and a great assistance I found them in this sport, rarely losing a wounded deer once the dogs were put upon its track. Poor old Rufus! I believe a stauncher dog was never whelped. I remember on one occasion wounding a solitary black buck by a 'fluke' shot at a long distance—over four hundred yards. It was the season of the monsoon, and a great portion of the country was then under water, making it not only difficult but dangerous work to ride over it; for the plain, being intersected with *nullahs* many feet in depth and width, carrying the drainage to the river, a horseman was as likely to plop into one of them as not during the chase. Nevertheless, I ordered the dog-boy—a smart young native of about sixteen years of age—to slip the dogs, and away we went best speed after the wounded buck. In the course, Fairy, the other dog, started a fawn out of some long grass, and pursued it; but Rufus stuck close to the buck, and was nearly on him, when dog and deer both disappeared of a sudden in a deep *nullah*, with a tremendous splash. When I got to the bank, Rufus was holding on to the buck's throat like grim death, and every now and then his head would go under in the foaming torrent that was fast sweeping the pair to the great river. Still Rufus would not let go, though I shouted to him like a madman to do so. In all probability I should have lost him—for once in the furious current of the flooded river, he would have had no chance of getting on shore again—but for the plucky dog-boy, who boldly plunged into the *nullah*, and, swimming, towed both dog and buck to the bank. The latter was drowned; and it was with no little difficulty that I managed, with the dog-boy's assistance, to drag the carcase up the precipitous side of the *nullah*. But he was a fine buck; I think the largest and heaviest I have ever shot, though carrying an indifferent pair of horns.

But I soon found that I had as yet seen very little of the abundance of game in the district. One day the Collector, with whom I was on friendly terms, knowing my fondness for sport, sent me a letter, wretchedly written in the *Telegu* language upon a dirty piece of brown paper, and which, after much trouble and the aid of an interpreter, I found to prove an humble petition from certain *ryots* or agriculturists in the district, setting forth their grievances with regard to game and praying that the *Burra Sahib* would remit all or a portion of their taxation by Government in consequence of the daily ravages committed upon their crops by innumerable wild pigs and deer—animal



that seemed to render them as dolorous as ground game the farmers at home. The Collector's invitation to go shoot and report upon the truth of the Memorialists' statement was promptly accepted, and as the place mentioned was about twelve miles from Rajahmundry, and in the heart of a wild jungly country, I sent out a single pole tent, my camp equipage, and a case of Bass's pale ale, at six in the morning, with my servants, and started myself on horseback at three in the afternoon, taking a gun with me to pick up something for dinner on the road. This last was easy work. Riding under the magnificent avenue of *Banyan* trees that extends some distance out of the station of Rajahmundry, I, by keeping one eye cocked aloft, detected many a green pigeon among the foliage overhead, when I had nothing to do but pull up my horse for a moment, drop the bird off his back, reload, and go on a few trees further where the same game would be played.

In this manner I picked up four couple of green pigeon, which are excellent eating—not unlike a grouse when roasted with bread sauce, and even better when curried. Bye-and-bye, I came upon the carcass of a starved and broken down bullock, no uncommon sight in India, lying in the middle of the road, and at this a troop of jackals were howling and tearing with ravenous eyes and bloody snouts. Riding among them, I started one fellow off the road, and telling the dog-boy to slip Rufus and Fairy, had a capital run for a mile or so across a plain when the dogs ran into the 'varmint,' Fairy getting her ear nastily torn in the death struggle. This accident prevented me coursing another 'jack,' so I proceeded on my way until I came to a small lake close to the jungle path I was pursuing, covered with teal and wild-duck, and surrounded by patches of wet, brown grass and rushes, that I knew to be a sure find for snipe at that season of the year. On these small Indian *jheels* I have always noticed that it is easy enough to get a shot at the wild-fowl with which they are crowded; it is after the fact that the difficulty arises, for they then fly off to the next tank if the *jheel* is small, or huddle together in the centre and out of shot if it happens to be a large one. Knowing their tactics I rode 'slantingly' towards the tank, and when within range dropped the reins and blazed both barrels into the thick of the flock; one barrel as they were on the water, the other as they rose upon the wing. Thirteen fell to the double shot, and the *jheel* being free from weeds, my dog-boy, wading, partly swimming, retrieved all but three, which managed to escape by diving. When he brought the game ashore, I found that I had shot one grey duck, five cotton teal, two whistling teal, and the remainder the ordinary brown teal of the Indian tanks. The amount was nothing wonderful, for I could have made the same bag any day in the cold weather, and at any one of the numerous—

innumerable, I should say—*jheels* about the country; but it serves to show the abundance of wild-fowl in the district, and which would appear incredible to those who have not observed the myriads which the irrigation canals leading from the Godavery River bring to that part of the country. The ducks having disappeared with many a quack in the clouds, I walked round the *jheel*, putting up snipe at almost every step I made on the wet grass. As the *jheel* was only a few acres in extent, I soon beat it, and the shades of evening falling fast, made the best of my way to the tent, having added three and a half couple of snipe to the bag. The latter I directed my cook to do for dinner; the ducks I gave to the servants, knowing I could get any number of them about the *jheels* when required; and let me inform the reader here that there are few better dinners than a dish of snipe roasted to a turn, and washed down by Bass's pale ale, which it appears to me never tastes so well as in the East Indies.

Next morning at sunrise my tent was surrounded by the aggrieved agriculturists, every man-jack of them armed with spears or bamboo poles for purposes of beating. In answer to my enquiries regarding the ravages committed by the wild beasts, they tore their hair, slapped their breasts, and made such a clamorous recital of their injuries as almost to deafen me. I wanted action, not speech, as I told them, when they eagerly led me off to some of their fields which were situated here and there in that peculiar description of low jungle which is much affected by spotted deer in all parts of the country. A few hundred yards from my tent, a leading and apparently influential *ryot* stopped short at a field of some oil seed, and, pointing to the way the land was seared in every direction by wild pig, began to bewail his hard fortune with the usual extravagant gestures. These I cut short by enquiring where the mischief-makers were, when to my surprise he positively affirmed that they—the pigs—were then in the field. I did not credit him, but agreed to try a beat, when he posted me in some wild indigo at the furthest end of the cultivation, he and his friends beating in line towards me. They had not beaten one half of the field before they put up an immense *sounder* of hog. The field seemed alive with them, and I should say there were not less than a hundred in the herd. They dashed past me, some of them so close that I could have prodded them with my rifle barrel, and as they passed I rolled over a big boar in the tracks with the right of the little 'Westley Richards,' and hit a smaller one hard with the left. Then I snatched my smooth-bore, loaded with black powder from the dog-boy and shot another boar so close that I could have easily kicked him as he passed. He rolled over and over like a ball, but I made a clean miss with the other barrel at the biggest pig of the *sounder* that went by at a tremendous pace behind me. The two boars I



into Rajahmundry the same day; I had no compunction in shooting them, as it was a part of the country where hog hunting was an impossibility on horseback, and the next day the wounded sow was brought in by some of the natives who had tracked her. I was well pleased with the commencement of the sport, but thinking I had enough of bacon for one day, enquired after the spotted deer.

My friend, the leading agriculturist, who was a long, lank, cadaverous being, clad in a ragged, brown sheet, and a breach-clout, at once threw himself into a theatrical attitude, pointing impressively to the surrounding jungle. Under his directions another beat was arranged in this manner. He drew up his friends, of whom there were about forty, in line in the jungle, then led me silently to a spot half a mile distant in front, where there was an open glade that it was likely the game would cross when driven by the beaters. My friend got up in a tall tree, where he looked like a big scald-crow; myself and the trusty dog-boy holding my smooth-bore ensconced ourselves in a thicket where we could see well without being seen ourselves. For some time we heard nothing, but at length the shouts of the beaters could be heard, and were soon followed by a stag and four spotted does, which crossed the glade at a trot. They were not twenty yards from me so that I made an easy shot, and rolled the stag over with a shot behind the shoulder from my rifle. The does turned sharp round, and bolted back towards the beaters. I hastily reloaded, and just in time to be ready for another herd of deer, numbering ten or twelve. These were seventy or eighty yards distant, and went across the glade at a slapping pace, nevertheless I think I hit one, for I heard the thud of the bullet distinctly; if I did I never got him however. Next came a flock of jungle-fowl, of which I could have easily had a brace with a shot-gun, but I was loaded with ball, and let them pass. A *souder* of pig followed at their best speed, and I fired haphazard two barrels into the thick of them—the result *nil*, though the shots were saluted with squeaks that showed someone's hide was rubbed the wrong way. After this we had two more beats, much the same as the above, except that in one the beaters put up more jungle-fowl than I ever saw before or since; a good shot, indeed, might have bagged his ten brace as they flew from one patch of jungle to another, and generally right over my head. In these beats I shot one spotted doe and two more pigs, when, a great deal of time being wasted by the beaters, I thought it well to return to the tent for a late breakfast, it being eleven o'clock. The collector's firman procured me all the supplies the poor people had to spare, such as a few eggs and chickens, and plenty of milk; but I found I could not get any more beaters for that day's work, as they had to look after their own concerns. Still, five pig and two spotted deer was

not a bad bag for a morning's performance, and though not content, I was obliged to think the best of it since it was useless to walk the jungles by myself.

It would weary the reader to recount the details of my beats for the next three days that I remained at this place ; it suffices to say that I enjoyed the cream of the sport on the first day, and at the end of the fourth could not find a single animal, as they had retreated to some haunts best known to themselves. But in the four days I made a total of eleven hog, five spotted deer, and two antelope, to say nothing of many pea-fowl, jungle-fowl, wild-duck, and snipe, of which I made no account. During this time the only ferocious animal I saw was a panther, which, in one of the beats, bounded across the 'open' with such speed that he was gone before I could raise rifle to shoulder, nor did the people about speak of any tigers, though, the quantity of game considered, it might be supposed they would abound there.

Curiously enough, two friends, hearing of my good luck, went out to this same place a few weeks later, and got nothing but a solitary pig and some antelope. The villagers said, and I suspect they were correct, that the wild animals gathered from all parts annually to ravage the crops the people sowed in the patches of cleared land about the jungles, and disappeared for the remainder of the year after being well hunted, as they were in my instance. For the rest, I returned to Rajahmundry in triumph, determined to have another few days' sport in the district at an early opportunity ; but the narrative of this, and of some pig-sticking and fishing I enjoyed across and in the Godavery, must stand over for another paper, as I have already exceeded my limits in this one.

RAMASAWMY.



# MY FESTIVE COUNTRYMEN.

BY ROBERT BATSON.

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If a snuff-box is the wedlock of innocence and recreation, why is not a sneeze the wedlock of dew and music? The Puritan might as well have been guilty of conceiving the second absurdity as of imagining the first. To his noble scrutiny of the mysteries of this stupendous universe the eternal nature of things was unveiled. To him the tobacco-pouch appeared unholy—the snuff-box sacred. While rejecting the pomp and vanity of the wicked weed with a disdain, as moral as it was proud—as beautiful as it was profound—on the other hand, with the severe logic of Puritanical fervour, his exquisitely susceptible conscience did not forbid him the frequent application of

A dose

Of snuff-mundungus to his nose.

Helvetius pronounced man to be 'a bundle of habits.' In his modest moments the Puritan considered himself merely a bundle of interesting habits. But these moments were rare. His general view did his un-earthly merits more justice: his nose was a musical instrument; his nasal twang was a hymn; his snuff was a reminder that we are but dust. Besides the Puritan went about trying to sniff and snuff harm where there was none, and in adopting the snuff-box, as the stately symbol of esoteric purity, he paid a generous, a graceful, and a touching, a nose-touching, tribute to the perceptive delicacy of his moral nostrils. If, on the other hand, it be urged that the Puritan was not very wise in maintaining that it was perfectly right for him to take a pinch of snuff, and perfectly wrong for the cavalier to take a whiff of tobacco, the reply may be made that, in their arbitrary and capricious treatment of my festive countrymen, the Government and Lord Chamberlain of this country are guilty of a precisely similar absurdity. They elongate dresses, but they do not curtail songs. They multiply the folds of apparel, but they do not minimise the antics of gesture

In the name of common sense, why is this? Why should language however improper, and gesticulation however suggestive, be legal; the only restrictions being, in reference to long skirts, and short-lived Parliamentary bills?

Why is this, Robin; won't you tell me why? It is the old Puritanical chimera over again. Smoking is sinful, snuff-taking holy. Clothes may be suggestive, but gestures are innocent and songs are noble—by the eternal necessity of things, as Shakespeare says, 'This is a strange world, my masters.'

Suppose, now, we take a rapid sketch of amusements in times past.

French gaiety died with the Revolution. The Gaul gained the muscle of freedom, but he lost the fat of laughter. His brow wrinkled with politics, and the instant that his locks were permitted to flow they waxed grey. Responsibility is a grand privilege, but it is a lugubrious burthen, and the ample waistcoat of plutocracy paradoxically clothed the starved ribs of mirth. The busy Fleming bee and the polite Tuscan butterfly put the British down as the merriest dogs in Europe. The Reformation came, and, lo! the obese kine were metamorphosed into the emaciated kine, the merriest dogs in Europe into the saddest dogs of history. The Geneva preachers eyed the games of the period, as if the games were the theatricals of a wicked Pagan Rome, and as if the preachers were St. Augustine and St. Jerome. As a matter of fact, most of the games were Innocents, and most of the preachers just failed of being monuments of infallible wisdom. The massacre of the festive innocents was at once a policy, a ritual, and a pomp. Then came the rebound, *Naturam expellas furæ, tamen usque recurret*. You may prod nature out of her path with a fork, but she returns in a canter. Chivalry languished, gunpowder took the shine out of heavy armour, the printing press awoke that "sleeping beauty," the modern mind, with a start, commerce thrived, industry answered to whip and spur, men had something to lose, and recklessness yielded to purses anxious to burst their skins; foot-ball was kicked into oblivion; dice were shaken out of court; hunting was hounded into desuetude; cards were shuffled out of use; nobody was to dance round a Maypole, or to see a miracle play; but everybody had leave to look a solemn idiot, and to be a vain baby. The more so the better. Teutonic Europe wore a steeple hat, and sanctimonious Rome indulged in a sickly smile of disciplined approbation.

Coleridge said that in Shakespeare's mind the creator and the critic wrestled in a war embrace. So in the 17th century strove together the inventive spirit of the juggler and the censorious spirit of the fanatic. The painter who was told that he was an ass at an angel, and an angel at an ass, *à propos* of his picture of Balaam, was very much



like Britain was then. In things religious and ritualistic, poor John Bull made the angels weep. He was an ass at an angel. In things jovial, poor John Bull was himself again. He was an angel at an ass. The very markets rang to the roar of the commercial jovialist's onsets. Then followed another reaction.

Britons had long gone in for culture. One faction had cultivated long faces; the other now cultivated long ears.

The lugubrious school was beaten by the inane school, and then the inane school was beaten by itself. On those doorsteps, which are now the begrudged pillows of Nobody's Darling, Somebody's Child, tatterdermalions, played at dice, and on dunghills, to which a valuable waif and stray fancy fowl of a Duke would decline to pay a second visit, lipping starvelings enjoyed cards. This was bad; but what followed was worse. Then, Madam, came the self-styled children of Light—the children of the Sun—eclipsed, the swagger of Puritanism, the reign of cant, and the penury of recreation. Simple Giles and good old Hodge, playing at Pope Joan for a groat-sake, Marjory Daw luriboned on Sunday, the players, who positively illustrated Ben Jonson's monstrous rubbish, and Will Shakespeare's silly stuff, were consigned by the snuff-taking, tobacco-eschewing, Puritanical elect, to penance, to the stocks, the pillory, and the scourge. The Restoration came at once of a banished necessity and an exiled king. The festivity of my countrymen returned with royalty. But they did not take root as before. The Duke of York told his jolly Jack Tars to erect the most monstrous May-pole ever seen. The Puritans 'blew it up.' The wind blew it down. Wharton stooped from his dignity to cudgel-play before a Buckinghamshire mob. Monmouthshire stooped from his horse to out-run bare-footed clowns, in his boots and spurs. But all this stooping was not to conquer the hearts of the bamboozled people. Penn bitterly reviled Dives in the parable, with his frivolous pack of dogs, and in the interest of country gentlemen, Parliament swallowed up the village greens in Enclosure bills. The overtures made to the English people by the gentry in point of sincerity remind one of the overtures made to the Germans by Bismarck. The accidental connection between his name and that of the King of Diplomats, occasioned the despatch of the following telegram: 'Otto Bismarck of Osterburg, King of the Marksmen, sends his greeting on the present festival day, to his Excellency Prince Bismarck, as his countryman and namesake.' It will thus be seen that the cobbler of Osterburg has more reverence for Prince Bismarck than the cobbler of Southwark has mercy for the Prince of Wales. Great was the joy in Osterburg when the blood-and-iron diplomatist wrote back with his own 'fist'—laughing, no doubt in the very largest sleeve with which the most whimsical tailor

could supply him. 'I return my hearty thanks to my distinguished namesake, Herr Otto Bismarck, of Osterburg, for his friendly compatriot salutation.'

Poor Otto Bismarck! Perhaps he thinks Bismarck is the people's friend. The cobbler of Southwark has, he tells us, found out that Gladstone is not the people's William. Let us hope that the cobbler of Osterburg will not live to learn that Bismarck is not the people's Otto. Let him see that he never runs down, in Bismarck's hearing, the high-handed policy of the old houses of Hohenzollern and Bismarck. An orator, it is said, did so one day in an inn. The real Otto Bismarck was there. The speaker was a man and a brother in fustian, but Bismarck did not hob and nob with the snob in hobnails—not exactly. He did not merge the political denouncer in the German countryman, and friend. The 'hob' would not hob and nob with the hobnailed 'snob.' True, he took a glass with him; but the manner of doing it was peculiar. He took a glass, and smashed it on his fellow-countryman's head, of course merely as 'a friendly compatriot salutation.' He then paid for the glass, and retired. I don't say that Otto Bismarck wouldn't take a glass with Otto Bismarck, but the way would differ with the occasion. This anecdote will illustrate, incidentally, the fact that men trust for their happiness to chance. These and friendly 'compatriot salutations,' are 'flukes.' We elaborate everything but the amicable relationship of man to man.

We idolise a Professor Macquorn Rankine on the Economy of Fuel, comprising mineral oils. We rejoice when a M. Auguste Berlioz devises a magneto-electric apparatus intended to supply a brilliant flame for lighthouses. We are very busy devising systems from which we can derive the largest quantity of table salmon. But how is it we never dream of economising human nature? We want police for our bodies, and gas for our eyes; moral police for our susceptible hearts, and honest laughing gas for our jaded minds. We never dream of organising. The clergy are not moral police, gentlemen, scholars, hierarchs, lady's men, poets, dreamers, monks, enthusiasts, saints—but not moral police. The illness of the Prince of Wales evoked far better appeals to the British heart from the London press than from the London pulpit. It is easier to be eloquent when addressing hundreds of thousands of excited human beings than when addressing hundreds. It is easier to be eloquent when you write a dozen leading articles a week than when you preach one sermon. It is easier to be eloquent when your business sends you into the complex interests of an empire, than when it locks you up in the outer-worldliness of a clique and in the limits of a parish. It is easier to be eloquent when you have your hand on the pulse of the public taste, than when you weave theological



cobwebs, dilute scriptural phrases, and distribute sectarian tracts. Not that the London press consider it their business to be moral police. What that hydra-headed engine might do in this direction is almost beyond computation. As it is, the *Echo* cannot be too highly praised for its incessant efforts to improve the tone of public relaxation. The *Daily Telegraph*, enormous as is its influence for good, does not, in my opinion, turn the opportunities presented by its vast circulation quite as much into the channel of recreative reform as it might do, and as the *Advertiser* does; but it is a staff of moral police in its unflinching exposure of abuses, and it probably regards its own laughing-gas as in itself enough to counteract the dreary and mischievous facetiæ of those places of amusement where the unwary go to be entertained, but return unfed. Those whom the gods love die early; and in the absence of moral police and laughing gas at our public halls of delight, it were to be wished that, in spite of their repulsive and forbidding features, the gods would love the music-halls if the axiomatic result ensued. As facts stand, however, it is to be regretted that the gods occasionally do patronise the boxes; for no one better likes a live lord or 'distinguished personage' to stare at than the people who read about the achievements of, and listen to the comments upon, 'howling swells.' Those amusement which the gods love die late. In days of yore, as I have said, the gentry withdrew from the people the sunshine at once of their open spaces and their frank smiles. Discountenanced by 'nobs,' 'snobs' behaved badly. The trumpet-voice of John Wesley was heard, but he could not slay all the hole-and-corner mirth of the country. The Tennysonian squire did not dance with the miller's daughter; and then she was not very particular as to whom she did gyrate with. This brings us up within a respectful distance of the magnificent game of croquet, a contrast between which and cricket I hope to depict on a future occasion. Meanwhile I merely mention the fact of our unworthy festivity at the present day, and propose a cure.

Now, evil itself has its good side, and music-halls are no exception. Most of us can enjoy a large slice of at least negative happiness. We can say, 'I am not in prison; I am not listening to one of Gladstone's speeches; I am not dying of small-pox; and I am not at a music-hall.' My festive countrymen, why will you not be really festive? My manly countrymen, why will you not be in your diversions manly? My practical countrymen, why will you not be practical at the fountain-spring of the social river as well as at the emanating divergent rills? It would be no use suspending music-halls; the same appetite would go and browse elsewhere. Little by little, inch by inch, we must educate, enlarge, refine, exalt the tastes of our poor festive

countrymen. We must economise human fuel, and we must go to its roots. It is impossible to regard the halls of evening entertainment apart from the routine of our lives. In these temples of folly, in the streets, in our homes, a desecration, or at least a degradation, of love is ubiquitous. The music-hall is partly the cause, partly the effect, of the unlovely love of the period.

It is astonishing how smart now-a-days is the tender passion. Romeo goes to market, brings all his erotic sheaves with him, and drives a roaring trade in sighs. Juliet puts into the lottery of marriage, and is anxious to hive the sweetest thing in honeymoons. The busy, business bee constructs his cells on the severest principles of mathematical economy; and full many a beauty, which would otherwise be born to blush unmarried, keeps her weather eye open on the best arrangement of the honey combs of matrimony on the main chance of bridal enterprise. On the other hand, the whiskered wooer, Love, forges homage, and fabricates respect. Churchgoers, according to Goldsmith, often, though they come to scoff, remain to pray. Churchgoers, also, frequently propose to marry, and prefer to scoff. The dove of courtship uses his beak. We have all heard of the landlady, who, being head over ears in love with the handsome, impecunious lodger, who was also head over ears, but only in debt, with her, insisted on an immediate settlement either of her feelings or her bill, on instant payment or instant marriage. But, after all, she was but the founder of a school of practical love-making fast becoming very formidable.

For example: it stands on record that a forlorn maiden wanted back the woollen mittens which she had dotingly lavished on her faithless swain. Some minds can distinguish between a parsnip and a rainbow, and that is about all. However, it so happened that his intellect was essentially of the nice discriminating order, and he regarded the woollen mittens from two points of view. As love-gifts, he could spare them comfortably enough; as articles of clothing, on the other hand, he possessed no comfort so handy. In a word, he could not give them to her, for the very simple reason that he wanted them himself. This brought the love passage to a termination rather abrupt than graceful, and the once enamoured donor of love-gifts retired in high dudgeon. The pair separated as lovers; they next met as plaintiff and prisoner at the bar. Now was the time at one masterly stroke to chastise the obnoxious fickleness of his passion for herself, and the equally obnoxious tenacity of his regard for her woollen mittens. But she found, to her bitter chagrin, that what sobbing love in whispers sighs away that loud-voiced law is unable to recall. The associations of pink notes cannot be neutralised by the associations of



parchment. When soft-bosomed love flies out at the window, penal enactments cannot hop in at the door.

Take an analogous case, illustrating the metamorphosis of unreciprocated devotion into petty spite, one which came under the notice of Mr. Barker, at the Clerkenwell Police-court, in the person of a young man of very seedy appearance, due, no doubt, to the combined wear and tear of his affections, and of his anxiety to recover his bran-new love gifts, who applied to him for the immediate restoration of twenty-five shillings' worth of furniture. The good magistrate, though he was kind enough to smile at his enthralling narrative, at this keen jealousy of the other fellow could not 'assist' him. Now, it seems sufficiently clear that, if the lover of the period means, at however respectful a distance, to approach the tradition of times gone by, chivalry sanctioned no meaner hope anent love-gifts than that the jilt should keep them, and some day, when annoyed by her husband, cast a regretful eye on such eloquent reminders of the superior being she madly rejected in his favour. But inasmuch as this is an utilitarian age, as there is no half-way house in love and business, as the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go every inch of the way to the mountain; as business refuses to be absorbed in love, love must be made subservient to business, the associations of love gifts to assessments of their value, why not in every parish establish a clerk or staff of clerks to register the despatch and receipt of every love gift? The chronicles of methodical officials would not merely recoup, but probably have the effect of checking, the extravagance which leads to such loud complaints on the part of impulsive lovers. The price of the unfortunate investments of the 14th of February might be made recoverable on the 1st of April next, after the discovery of the hideous perfidy of the donor.

Forgotten forget-me-nots might be rated according to their value at Covent Garden. The precise pecuniary equivalent to the solemn vows and honied raptures of a sonnet might be regulated by the magazine price in fashion at Cornhill. The proper satisfaction for wollen mittens and furniture it would be still easier to determine, and it is certain that it would not be an iota more preposterous to fix their price in the first instance, than afterwards to reclaim them. But in the absence of any such system, the lover of the perils must make up his mind for the triumphs as well as the periods of courtship. If he presents young Love, with a quiverful of arrows, feathered by his own dove-like pinions, the wanton archer may wound him with the painful reflex of his own curiosity. If he shows him his hand, it is on the cards that the knave of hearts may trump his diamonds by virtue of the knowledge which he himself imparted. If he constitutes himself

Love's spendrift he may expect to find himself in Love's bankruptcy court. If he gives himself the unparalleled pleasure of giving away his all to his idol, he really must not sue it for wollen mittens or furniture. I beg to assure not merely the young man of very seedy appearance, who I hope will come up smiling for his next encounter with the fickle fair, but the whole rapidly increasing unseemly pack of our time-wasting legal lovers that the attempt to march Don Cupid, who happens to have wings, either to Clerkenwell, or any Police Court is a policy which the possession on their part of wide-awake eyes, which one flash of chivalry, one wink of humour, would suffice instantaneously to condemn.

The love of the period is business-like. Q.E.D.

In this terribly practical age there is an impatient roughness in the tender passion, which first eyes its victim, then charges it with extended arms, next encircles it in the bowery mazes of one long delirious paroxysm of devoted rapture, and finally decamps with its worldly goods. Everywhere this fashionable love-making is evoking the bitterest complaints. For example, a country person alights from her railway carriage, and the process begins. 'My dearest aunt,' exclaims a totally strange but sweet silvery voice, 'This is joy!' and a hospitable hand opens the prison door. Hardly had the traveller touched the platform with her feet, than kisses, sighs, hugs, and hysteria, in delectable, unstinted profusion were lavished on her neck. This was the sort of treatment which the kindhearted romantic old lady had long pined for in secret, envied in books, missed in reality. Now she had it. Whether her niece had been all her life abroad, and so or somehow been lost sight of by the family, or whether the old lady had herself been kept in the dark as to her true position, and this graceful being was merely some impulsive scion of the aristocracy, rushing forward to claim her place in the bosom of her noble relative, she had no immediate authority to enquire. That she would learn in time, in the progress of happy hours of affectionate intercourse. All that was now settled was that her niece should shortly meet her at tea. Tea came, but no niece, only the discovery that she had emptied her aunt's pockets of its valuables.

So much for the country and relations—now for the metropolis and lovers. Thomas Hoster, a costermonger, sells baked potatoes in a barrow. Up comes Elizabeth Harrow, aged thirty-four, and invests in two pennyworth. But the costermonger, with all his modesty, was a sly fellow, and he saw at a glance that his soft-eyed customer was after something rather more attractive than well-cooked vegetables. He was right on principle. She did want something else. She began to entwine her fair arms round his neck, to press her fresh lips to his



cheek. At last he grew cloyed with so much honeyed love. Not without a struggle, he tore himself from the passionate woer; and then, to his intense mortification, ascertained that, though she had prized his person, it was not its charms so much as its pockets. The swag amounted to one shilling and twelpence, the sentence to six months, which shows that the magisterial experience is alive to 'the power of love' and its literally captivating wiles. The best incantation against it resolves itself into—*crede experto*—the following easy to-be-remembered strategy. The instant that you are attacked shut your eyes as if speechless with gratification, or at least resigned to fate. The amiable thief then relaxes her tight hold, flattering herself she has plenty of time. Then you can suddenly shake her off. She staggers, not falls. Chivalry is not hopelessly wounded, and your pocket not hopelessly picked. As for the worthy costermonger, next time he surveys his features in the glass, let him, through the lucid medium of common sense survey also his potatoes and his coins; and if he does not then recognise the fact that a perfect stranger, very demonstrative in her attention, is likely infinitely to prefer his property to himself, it is to be feared that a most formidable, fast-increasing type of love-making will receive more encouragement at his hands than is at all desirable in the interests of society.

The love of the period is rough. Q. E. D. A man can forgive much but not everything. A camel can contentedly stagger beneath an incredible load, but not for ever. There comes one particular 'wee bit' of straw that breaks the back of the camel—the heart of the man. On the 15th of February, 1870, Mr. Francis Johnson, landlord of the Red Lion Inn, Market Place, Altrincham, handed over to his wife a large sum of money to pay his bills at Manchester. She came back after the pleasant little trip, a perfect monument, at once of pressing unsatisfied pecuniary obligations and of leisurely drowsy intoxication. Her husband forgave her. In March she eloped with an extraordinarily fine specimen of our police inspectors, who embraced his new duties with such self-forgetful ardour as to omit to say, 'Good-bye' to his wife and five children. Her husband still showed himself a forgiving man. She had left him, he ascertained, saddled with 'old associations,' mementoes of extravagance—bills to the tune of £300. Her husband forgave her, as usual; but when, all of a sudden, it came to him that she had bought a chignon, valued at 'six-and-ninepence,' then the full tether of his forgiveness had fairly run itself out, and nothing remained but a paroxysm of justifiable fury. However, Mr. P. Yearsley, hair-dresser, must have his 'six-and-ninepence' from him at the Altrincham County Court accordingly; though when Mr. Francis Johnson demands of him at least every particular

anent to the unhappy purchase of his spouse, he seemed stupidly to have forgotten every item of the momentous transaction. How it became her, where she wore it, who its admirers he could not say. But the judge, apparently entertaining the opinion that forgiveness which extraordinary ought to be inexhaustible, decreed that the six-and-ninepence should be paid—the absence of the history of the chignon notwithstanding. The moral is refreshingly simple. Bad wives, use a little self-control. Get drunk, elope, and leave behind you £300 of bills; but as you value the forgiveness of your husbands—I mean your legal husbands—don't leave unpaid for a six-and-ninepenny chignon.

The love of the period is occasionally capricious. Q.E.D. Leominster was once the scene of a somewhat original wedding. One Saturday that town was startled with a placard, announcing a marriage on the following Tuesday at ten o'clock at the Primitive Methodist chapel, inviting the world and his wife to come and see the bridegroom and the heroine of the honeymoon.

The day and hour found the chapel crammed with not an empty pew. However, the crowd, though startled, was not interested in exactly the orthodox manner. Its forecasts could hardly have been verified. Instead of the bride being lit up with sunshine by her Apollo, or the bridegroom blushing with the sense of his individual unworthiness, awkward sex, and speechless bliss, the gentleman declared that his 'intended' was forbidden by her father-in-law to accede to his petition to be released from the odious engagement, proffered six months ago, and that she was present at the ceremony now only on compulsion; while the lady, in answer to the question, whether she would have this man for her wedded husband, in stentorian accents thumped out the thundering negative, 'No, I will not.' This brought the service to an abrupt termination. The lady stalked out radiant. The gentleman drove off amidst a tempest of popular acclaims, his honest features serene with unexpected satisfaction. Here were representatives of the sexes, who, as the event showed, regarded each other with exceptional abhorrence, but who had nearly been condemned to each other's society for life by a third party. However, they were rid of each other now—a great comfort to them both. As to the would-be father-in-law, my admiration for him has its limits. He was, it is true, anxious to embrace a fresh set of duties—to enjoy with exemplary resignation to the inevitable, the collateral, benefits incidental to a new relationship—to consummate an old decree of the church: 'Whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder.' Reverence for this injunction it is impossible to over-estimate. But there happens to be another sentiment, not indeed



formulated into any rubric, yet sanctioned, I believe, by the respect of society: 'Whom nature hath put asunder, let no man join.'

Love is sometimes compulsory. Q. E. D. Take the exact antiposes to this case.

When Tennyson wrote:—

Ah, yet, ev'n yet, if this might be,  
I, falling on his faithful heart  
Would, breathing through his lips, impart  
The life that almost dies in me.

Beautiful as the sentiment is, he was only after all saying in poetry what he would do for a beloved friend. Friendship and poetry apart, however, what he contemplated has been achieved—the resuscitation of another's life at the expense of one's own. A woman pitched herself from the Quai de Bercey into the Seine. Some young men brought her to shore, apparently a corpse; Dr. Launessau arrived in time to crown two hours' constant impouring of his own breath to her lungs with the first suffering recovery, and his own fatal exhaustion. The practical, chivalrous love of the French doctor, in the interests of a stranger, is to be preferred even to the exquisite pathos of an English poet to the memory of a friend. *Ergo*, love is sometimes adventitious. Q. E. D. Instances of the latter freak of chivalry are, alas, very rare in comparison with the perpetual tide of music-hall-encouraged marketing love. The names of some of the songs in the music-halls are almost too vulgar to mention.

The upshot of the whole matter is that the instant that men cease to idolise women in theory, they will begin to sympathise with her in practice. Unfortunately woman thirsts to be at one and the same time the god of lucrative action and the goddess of domestic seclusion. The very minute that women join the professions, they will be shunted from the hierarchies. Women show their dependence on men by their indignation, at the real or supposed 'contempt.' Suppose all the women in England thought all the men in England beneath them—to use their favourite expression—What man would care? Again, if man be brutal and woman be pure, the two first articles in the new post-Athanasian feminine creed, why cannot women transfer some of the passionate purity of their angelic love to the non-brutal, the adorable female sex?

Girls form intensely affectionate friendships with girls. What endless kisses, embraces, walks, fifty-times-crossed letters, sobbing farewells at railway stations? Why cannot this noble, this safe attachment, in a measure continue to satisfy the yearnings of woman's devoted nature? If it cannot, then I am forced very much against my will right against

the horns of the dilemma, that either man is not the cruel monster, or woman is not the pure paragon, which she remarks that the sexes respectively are. The fact is that woman has many faults, but not a single fault that is not ultimately referable to man. Tennyson has written two lines about women which are true, and which, if it be allowed for one instant to break through the wretched cant of the drawing-room, I will quote,—

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy thoughts are matched with mine,  
As moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine.

How a man, once sincere enough to pen that couplet, could have had the heart to put forth such torrents of false, sickly stuff representing woman as a fair tissue of floating langours too subtly-sweet for languishing knights to worship, is beyond all comprehension. In a number of the minor—in point of length—Tennysonian poems, you have a woman reclining in a window-niche on a sofa, one third maiden, one-third statue, and one-third dream. The man is entranced, a voluble stream of plaintive rose-water and syrups, apparently sprawling about on the carpet, a true carpet-knight, enamoured of the dust. Servant-girls read worse stuff than this in cheap illustrations.

They expect worshippers in the smart young fellows who each of them 'takes his gal' to the music-hall. The music-hall songs are full of hypocritical gushing adoration, rising, like stupefying incense, up to the weaker vessel. The girl marries, and the woman is beaten. Then the press cry out. But the harm began in effeminate 'poetry' and music-hall songs. I can answer for the truth of the following facts: Lover No. 1, instead of leading his lady to the hymeneal altar, puts her head under the domestic grate; Lover No 2 is head over ears in love, and he pushes his intended till she is over head and ears in a canal; Lover No 3 burns, as to his bosom, with the charms of his mistress, and she burns, as to her back, with the vitriol of her lord.

Well, what are we to say for our festive selves as a whole?

The smallest web-footed bird known—the stormy petrel—is a paradox in feathers. It must be a diabolical bird, or why should the sailors call it 'the devil's witch?' It must be a human bird, or why did Captain Carteret's crew dub it Mother Carey's Chicken, Mother Carey being a notoriously tempestuous hag. It must be a sacred bird, or why is it named petrel—the paddler who chips yeasty flakes crisply on the crest of the waves with his wings, as did the Apostle Saint Peter with his feet? The stormy Englishman on the other hand is a paradox in flesh. The biped is human—witness the massive harmony of his frame; diabolical—witness the infernal stupidity of his amusement; sacred—witness his kinship to Shakspeare—

Oh! what a falling off was there.



Then the monks of old set life to music. The monk jovial revelled in the delights of Bolton Abbey. The monk learned was the shield of erudition against Goths and Vandals. The monk spiritual enjoyed tenderly beautiful choral services. What are these things to my festive countrymen?

Shakespeare and the Epicurean Stoicism, if the oxymoron may be permitted of life monastic, are nothing. The extreme ecstasies are departed. The stage is no more: the cloister is dead. What my festive countrymen relish is a musical hall, one nigger licking another nigger's head, a bold lady twirling like a pink and white teetotum, an acrobat twisting his smarting boys, a juggler teasing his nose with a knife, a clown yelling like an idiot, a vocalist gushing like a treble-voiced costermonger, a 'swell' dressed in yellow trousers and blue coat and hat knowingly on one side, a simpleton with plenty of 'dash' and 'go' and babyish rant about champagne. Character may be told by amusements—nic-nacs, anything. Take the pictorial pocket-handkerchief which the frequenter of a music-hall flourishes so ostentatiously. Delineating, for instance, the handsome features of Traupmann, it may be said to allegorise the plausible exterior which is nowadays so easily assumed by vice. Representing an Amazon, bestriding a war-horse, it satirises the martial and other possibly unwomanly aspirations of the gentle sex. Pourtraying the familiar features of Dickens, it illustrates the unprecedented, unbounded popularity of fiction. Embodying the scenery of Alsace and Lorraine—the very place for a broken head or a bleeding nose—it rendered it impossible for the Prussians, in the supreme moment of their triumphant annexation, to flatter themselves that they were not to be sneezed at. Indeed, judging by the sale of these graceful triumphs of art, many a Frenchman has turned up his nose at the domains which have been wrenched from his country. The historian of the nineteenth century, who we are so often told will include among his most valuable materials the cartoons of *Punch*, will do well not to pass over that ornamental index of passing phases in the relationship of mankind—moral, literary, domestic, and bellicose—the pictorial pocket-handkerchief.

'What I spend in amusements is myself,' said somebody or other; and if he didn't I say it. Know a man by the pictures on his pocket-handkerchief and by his use of his pocket money. Judged by this standard, we Englishmen may well hang down our heads. We are 'a bad lot:' we really don't know what to do with ourselves; we care for nothing more ethereal than juicy beefsteaks and buxom wives. We have supplied the poet of the world, and on dear, gentle, loving Will Shakespeare's neck hangs the incubus of our proseness, our ponderous excess, our religion which shoves up the cross among the heathen,

pressed hard by the cotton-bale, our fog of brain—because of Shakespeare we won't be considered dull fellows. Nevertheless our amusements do not refresh, our amusements do not edify, our amusements do not even amuse. They neither soothe the soul, ease the mind, nor rest the body. They exercise nothing but the resources of ingenuity and lust. They appeal to no ennobling taste. In one word, they *pander*. They pander to the fetichism which professes to idolise the sex, but does not in reality give her the respect which is her due. They pander to the wanton love of danger. They pander to the inhuman neglect of the young. They pander to our British self-consciousness. They pander to our British love of material display. They pander to the flood of voluptuousness which Paris has poured into London, the bubbles of frivolity which the Seine has added to the native mud of the Thames. They pander to hypocrisy. They are driving us to a worse than pagan debauchery, without the almost ideal gracefulness of Greek refinement, without the almost perfect force of Greek intellect. We have produced some men. Shakespeare was not an idiot; Turner was not a Philistine; Nelson was not a coward. Nevertheless, we cannot—the bulk of us cannot—afford to be judged by our amusements. Our amusements as a whole find us, with all our civilisation, uncivil; with all our poetry, unsusceptible; with all our art, unelevated; with all our science, inquisitive; with all our statesmanship, unguided; with all our education, uninstructed; with all our chivalry, ungallant; with all our humanity, unfeeling; with all our religion, unconscientious, unmanly, and untrue.

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## MARBLE LIFE.

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ALL who have the honour of Aunt Mary's acquaintance must have seen her twin handmaids, the dwarfs Maxsy and Paxsy; and perhaps others beside myself have wondered where she found them, and what induced her to take them into her service. My curiosity was satisfied last week when I was staying with my Aunt. I give the tale in her own words.

In the year 18—— (says Aunt Mary) I was travelling in Switzerland. It was a fine autumn, and every hotel and pension was crowded. At Interlaken I with some difficulty obtained a small room at Ober's, and in the evening, as was my custom, I repaired to the *salon*, where I anticipated some amusement in making observations on the company.

I was not long in singling out an English lady, whose appearance inspired me with unusual interest and curiosity. It would have been hard to conjecture her age; for while her face and complexion were those of a young woman, her face wore a look which is only acquired with years. It was a face that told of deep suffering, but of what nature I failed, with all my skill, to divine. The eyes were large, deep set, and brilliant when she spoke; but the dark circles around them, the worn, weary lids, and the look of inexpressible sadness in repose, might have belonged to one who had lived through years of trouble. There were lines of pain about the quiet mouth, but it was not from these that I drew my conclusions of peculiar suffering. Alas! such lines are common enough in womanhood. It was from the fixed, gloomy setting of that mouth, nay, of the whole face, that I argued; and if the sorrow had been violent, it was plain, too, that it had been long. A burden of anguish—hopelessly, silently endured—had been that woman's portion. My heart ached for her, and I moved nearer to her in hopes of beginning an acquaintance. My advances were gently and civilly received, but her reserve was unconquerable. Clearly it was a mystery in which I had no concern. It was one, the mystery of which I should never fathom, though the memory of it would cling to me

through life, in that mysterious way in which memories of some strangers do remain by us, without apparent reason.

I was, however, mistaken. I was to have more to do with Mademoiselle Ellé than I imagined. She was an artist, and was staying at Ober's to avail herself the patronage of the crowd of visitors. Her talent was of a high order, and her time fully occupied. It chanced, however, that a grand fête at Lucerne emptied the hotels at Interlaken for a full week. Mademoiselle Ellé availed herself of the time to work up some of her pictures, and my interest in her induced me likewise to remain.

The very day the other guests departed, Mademoiselle Ellé had an attack of fever; and on Madam Ober consulting me about her, I seized the opportunity I had so long desired, and installed myself as nurse, doctor, friend. I had the double reward of seeing her restored to health, and of gaining some of that love which my heart told me was well worth the winning. There was no vehemence of protestation, no wordy gratitude, and, alas, no relaxation of reserve; but her eyes were lifted to mine with a look which spoke volumes, and she constantly sought my society.

Days passed, and the company returned. Guests arrived and departed, and still we lingered on at Pension Ober. Mademoiselle Ellé had many orders, and I would not leave her.

One day I found her in the *salon* in her usual seat, which commanded alike a good view from the window and of the apartment. She had been even more than usually silent all day; and now, as I tried to draw her into conversation, her answers were monosyllabic, and her face was rigid in its stonelike gravity. Once or twice she crossed the room, and I remarked that a certain peculiarity, always visible in her movements, was more than ever apparent. She was very graceful, and her figure statuesque in repose. In motion it was strangely suggestive of animated marble, and each gesture appeared mechanical in spite of its grace. On this day I fancied that she moved with difficulty, and I wondered if she had ever been threatened with paralysis.

At this moment my attention was diverted by an arrival, and in a few minutes Monsieur Ober entered the room with a fat, fair, mild man; certainly the most harmless-looking individual I had ever seen. I looked at him with the passing interest one feels in a new face. I noticed his flabby features, void of expression, his very small light blue eyes, and I turned to address an observation to Mademoiselle Ellé. She was gone. I rose to join her, and as I crossed the room I could not help noticing that the fair, fat man gazed at me with undisguised admiration. He started forward to open the door with alacrity, bowed and passed on.



My friend was in her room, but not at work. Her face, always pale, was now deadly white. She was lying down, and pleaded a violent headache, but seemed pleased when I offered to remain with her, and to order tea in her room instead of joining the *table d'hôte*. She questioned me most minutely about the party I had left below. 'Who was there? What was everyone doing?' It struck me as odd, being so foreign to her usual indifference; and as I named each name I watched her face narrowly. Perhaps, after all, I had mistaken her tale, and the mystery was one, sad enough truly, yet, alas, the reverse of uncommon. It might be a tale of love after all.

But, no! Not a muscle of her countenance changed as I uttered each name. She did not join in my merriment when I described the eager look of stupid admiration with which the fair, fat man regarded me. But that was not odd, for she seldom laughed. When I ceased speaking, she turned away her head and said she would rest.

And now, to make my story clear, I must remark that at this time I was myself a young woman, and, though no beauty, I was tall, somewhat stately, and possessed of by no means a bad figure. My hand and arm and the fall of my shoulders were remarkably good. In the sequel it will be plain that these apparently vain remarks are necessary to my tale. My attractions had never subjected me to inconvenient admiration, and I had, even at this early period of my life, travelled much under the escort of my faithful Mobville, and had never had cause to regret my independence. I was now, however, half annoyed and wholly amused by the evident admiration with which I was regarded by Herr Bäulein, the fair, fat man—admiration most respectful, but most pertinacious. I did not like it. When I was actually out on my travels to admire, observe, and assist others, it did not suit me to find that in my turn I was the object of such marked attention. I endured it as well as I could for the sake of my friend, who was again confined to her room by an attack of fever. It was evident that she was very delicate. I told her I thought her unfit for her profession. She agreed, calmly adding that she did not think she should need it long.

It was the first approach to confidence. I hailed it eagerly, and replied that I hoped she had happier prospects. I foolishly spoiled all by adding an invitation to her to come home with me at once.

'Then you are going home,' said she, speaking more eagerly than usual, and utterly ignoring the first part of my speech; 'You had not told me that.'

'Because I did not know it myself. In fact until this morning I had thought of Rome. But Herr Bäulein has invited me so earnestly to visit his studio there that I hesitate. I do not like that man.'

She gazed at me intently. Twice she began to speak, twice she stopped. I was struck by her manner. I had repeatedly tried to cheer her solitude by accounts of what passed below, and my wit had not spared my German admirer; but the consciousness that I endured him for her sake alone had hitherto prevented me from expressing my dislike to the man. I now instinctively felt that I had touched the hidden cause of her sorrow, and I somewhat ruthlessly continued to play upon it. I dwelt upon Herr Bäulein's attentions, and I ended by a laughing assertion that sooner or later I should certainly find myself in his studio. Her agitation increased; and at length, suddenly seizing my hand, she exclaimed, 'It must never, never be! I must tell you all. I must save you from a like fate—a fate so horrible—so unspeakably awful that—but you will not believe—you will not, you cannot.' Her voice changed, her agitation was extreme, and I had some difficulty in calming her. Not another word would she utter until I had looked up and down the passage and ascertained that the rooms near us were empty.

Then she began her wonderful tale. I give it with the additional lights thrown upon it by after events.

Her real name was Elizabeth Archdale, and her parents, people of good family but small fortune, died when she was but six years old. She was adopted by her father's elder brother, Mr. Archdale, of Courtlands, whose wife received her as a daughter. Her days passed happily. She was one of those grave, quiet children, who almost in babyhood become companions to those who have the care of them. She never cared to romp or play with others of her age. She was happiest when allowed to wait upon her uncle and aunt, who were both invalids. Mrs. Archdale was a real sufferer, and her husband, by dint of fancying himself very delicate, had become enough so to be much considered. He was many years older than his wife, whose devotion to him was great, and who trained his niece to consider his comfort and happiness the first object in life. He was an old-fashioned gentleman, shy and nervous, of mild, courteous manners and artistic tastes; a great collector of pictures and statues. The little Elizabeth's talent in drawing raised her in her uncle's estimation even more than her attention to his fancies. The life they led was one of utter seclusion, excepting on rare occasions when visitors connected with the fine arts appeared at Courtlands. Very early Lizzy became a person of importance in her new home. Very early she learnt to manage the household, first under her aunt's eye and latterly by herself. There were but three children, twin boys and a girl, all born some years after Lizzy's arrival; and they soon looked up to her more than to their mother, who was entirely confined to her room for some years before her death.



They were gentle, loveable people, these Archdales of Courtlands, and Lizzy's tears fell fast as she dwelt on her aunt's sweetness and patience, and on the beautiful simplicity of her uncle's character, before trial and suffering had rendered him irritable.

Lizzy was fifteen when her aunt died; and at an age when most girls are enjoying all the privileges of childhood, she had to bear the whole burden of a household, which included the many cares of a nursery and the charge of a feeble old man; for Mr. Archdale, entirely broken down by the loss of his wife, now depended for every comfort upon his orphan niece. Fortunately for Lizzy she was tall and womanly for her years, and her quiet manner commanded a measure of respect and obedience seldom accorded to one of her age. For three years she held her responsible situation undisturbed, and so well did she perform her part that not only was the household one of the best ordered in the county, but the children flourished as under a mother's eye, and Mr. Archdale himself grew younger in his ways, and even lost some of the shyness which had for so long been an obstacle to his intercourse with his neighbours.

Every house would have been open to the quiet dignified maiden who so well filled a situation so trying; and while, out of consideration for her uncle she declined general society, he, by her influence broke through his habits of entire seclusion, and a few visitors now enlivened the routine of their lives.

One of their new friends was not long in perceiving Lizzy's worth. Mr. Sempton, the son of a near neighbour, was afflicted with a step-mother who did not tend to promote the harmony of his home. The contrast between that home and Courtlands first attracted him to Elizabeth, and he soon became much attached to her. His affection was returned. Anyone but Mr. Archdale would have seen what was going on; but he was one of those men who are blind to what passes in their own world, and he had no suspicions. Lizzy was at this time very happy. She felt that she was loved. She was satisfied with the present, and did not look forward to the painful choice that lay hidden in the future; the alternative of sacrificing her own happiness and that of one most dear to her, or of deserting the uncle who had sheltered her childhood—the household which depended upon her so entirely.

About a year after the commencement of Mr. Sempton's attachment, another interest was added to the many which occupied Lizzy's time and thoughts. A letter from the sick-bed of an old friend struck terror to Mr. Archdale's feeble mind. It was written in great distress, and contained an entreaty that Mr. Archdale would come to the assistance of the writer who was dying in poverty, and with no

attendant but his only child, a girl of thirteen, who at his death must be destitute. 'What shall I do my dear' asked poor Mr. Archdale, as, with trembling hands, he placed the letter before Lizzy, anxiously watching her face.

Lizzy could not doubt. She and her uncle must start at once. A narrow winding staircase, dirty and broken, led to a still more dirty room. As they entered they heard sounds of passionate crying. Lizzy hastened forward. A child was sitting on the floor in an agony of grief. Without pausing to look round Lizzy sat down by her, and, in spite of rags and dirt, attempted to raise her up and comfort her—but in vain.

'Lizzy!' said her uncle. And his voice was so strange that she started to her feet.

He was pointing to the bed, on which lay crouched a human form.

'That's Papa,' sobbed the child, 'and he won't wake; and I am so hungry, so hungry. Oh! Papa, Papa.'

A feeling of faintness came over Lizzy. For once her uncle looked to her in vain. The child gathered herself up from the floor, and, still sobbing, crept on tiptoe to her father's side.

'See,' said she, 'he sleeps so very, very soundly.'

She gently moved the sheet from the poor face.

He was dead.

It was long before Mr. Archdale recovered from this shock. At first he could hardly endure the sight of the little Rosalie, and Lizzy regretted that she had persuaded him to take the child home. Once she proposed sending her to school, but the fit of nervous excitement into which her uncle was thrown by the mere proposal rendered all repetition of it impossible. It was even more trying to him to talk of her than to see her. To the latter necessity he became by degrees accustomed, but before this desirable state of things was established poor Lizzy had much to endure. Indeed, Mr. Archdale's health failed more than ever from this time, and his nervous irritability was a great trial to those about him. To visitors and strangers he was still most courteous; but his children and servants, and above all his devoted niece, had no easy life with him.

How Lizzy lived through it, maintaining her own cheerfulness, making everybody happy, and soothing the querulous temper of her uncle, it would be hard to tell. Mr. Sempton's devotion was, no doubt, a rich source of happiness to her, though even that was not without alloy; for as each day made his feelings more evident, so each day was teaching her how essential was her presence at Courtlands. She was beginning to realise the incompatibility of the two claims.

Rosalie proved a weighty charge. She might have been taken for



a child of ten from her appearance. She gave promise of singular beauty, but her bursts of passion amounted almost to insanity, while her love of power was only exceeded by her spirit of self-indulgence. She rapidly acquired wonderful influence over the three children, nor was it often exerted for good. At her age she might have been a help and companion for Lizzy, but it was far otherwise. She cared for nobody but her dead father, Mr. Archdale, and herself. To the memory of the former she clung with a tenderness which was the most hopeful trait of her character. Her devotion to Mr. Archdale only increased the difficulties of Lizzy's task, especially as towards Lizzy herself there was a marked aversion. Rosalie would have served her benefactor as devotedly as she had served her father, but she wanted to have him all to herself. Entirely oblivious of the large share Lizzy had taken in rescuing her from destitution, she appeared, strangely enough, to look upon her as the intruder and as a rival. Lizzy felt that it would be cruel and injudicious to repress any feeling of affection in such a character, and she would willingly have made way for the impulsive girl, but there were dark hours when the very sound of Rosalie's voice seemed more than Mr. Archdale could bear. At those times, after pacifying him and endeavouring to make her own peace with Rosalie, Lizzy could not but think sadly of the future. It was more than ever impossible to desert her post. She could, at least, exercise some control, and she trembled to think what might be Rosalie's fate should that control be withdrawn.

And now two more actors are to be introduced on the scene—Herr Baulein and a Miss Palgrave.

About a year after Rosalie's arrival the estate bordering on Courtlands was let. Chadport Park had been uninhabited for years. It was now taken by a foreigner, who proved a valuable neighbour to Mr. Archdale. Their tastes were the same, and Lizzie was grateful to the new-comer for the service he rendered her uncle by his interest in all that Mr. Archdale held most dear. Herr Baulein was himself a collector, and his visits were frequent. The Courtland gallery was a mine of wealth to all lovers of art.

For some time the foreigner afforded real relief to Lizzy by occupying and amusing her uncle; but ere long a vague uneasiness crept into her mind, and before many months her misgivings assumed a decided form. She could not fail to perceive that Herr Baulein was acquiring an influence which not only exceeded her own, but was systematically though cautiously opposed to her. In countless matters, at first trivial, but of increasing importance, she found herself set aside, her advice disregarded, her very orders countermanded. For long she tried to persuade herself that she was mistaken, but the evil became

too plain, and yet it was so cleverly done that she knew not how to complain. True, her uncle relapsed into his former timidity, and lost much of the small amount of self-dependence which she had so carefully fostered. Nay, more : she more than once detected a look of fear on his face. But then he was far less irritable, and, though daily growing more to depend upon Herr Baülein, was at times far happier than he had appeared since the death of his wife. It was strange ; it was inexplicable ; it was irritating. What possible motive could the man have ? He was rich ; he was a gentleman. It was impossible to suppose that he had any designs on her uncle's wealth. She could only resolve to keep her eye open, and, as far as in her lay, to counteract the evil. Ere long she imagined that she could divine his motive. He appeared to entertain a decided admiration for her. His manner was most respectful, and his attentions quiet and unobtrusive. But she could not be mistaken. He regarded her with unmistakeable interest. She drew from this the conclusion that his object was to detach his uncle from his excessive dependence upon her, and to supply her place in such a manner as to prepare Mr. Archdale to listen favourably to his proposals. No other interpretation of his conduct appeared possible.

One morning Lizzy had been more than usually annoyed.

Her uncle informed her, with some trepidation, 'that he intended to leave home for two nights, and that he would not trouble her to accompany him. He was going to stay with his good friend, Herr Baülein.' Never before had he imagined it possible to go anywhere without Lizzy. Such an event had not occurred before in all the years of her life at Courtlands, and now he was going off with a man who, a few months before, had been a total stranger to him. He was only going to Chadport Park, it is true, but even that was a step without precedent. The invitation had been given and accepted without consulting her. She knew her uncle too well to complain, and was striving to answer him without allowing her vexation to appear, when Herr Baülein entered the room. He was most polite, too polite. He 'hoped she would trust him with her precious charge—every care should be taken, &c., &c.' But Lizzy saw them drive off with feelings of unmixed apprehension. She knew not what she dreaded, but she had a strong presentiment that some evil was at hand.

The visit, however, passed off well, and she had the pleasure of welcoming her uncle once more in his own library. He returned alone, too, to her great relief. After the usual greetings and enquiries Lizzy perceived that he had something on his mind. He bent over the fragrant wood fire and slowly rubbed his white hands over one another, as was his habit in any perplexity.



Lizzy waited. She knew the difficulty would come out. His first words put all her conjectures to flight.

'My dear,' said he, looking toward her, but not at her, 'I fear you are over-exerting yourself. Yes, you certainly do look pale and worn, though I had not observed it. We must think of some way of lessening your cares.'

'My dear uncle!' exclaimed Lizzy, in great surprise, 'I am perfectly well; I never was better in my life. When you are well and contented, I have no cares.'

'Oh, my dear, it is all very well for you to say that; I know better. It is not human nature, my dear; it is not human nature. No young girl can like to lead the life you lead, chained to such a poor log as I am, and teased to death by those tiresome children. No, no; something must be done, my dear, something must be done to make your life free and happy.'

'My dear, dear uncle, who has been putting this into your head?' exclaimed Lizzy, for once losing her composure in indignation, as she knelt by his chair and gazed on the perplexed expression of his features. 'You must not send me away, Uncle James; indeed, indeed you must not; then truly I should be wretched.'

'Hush, hush! my dear. You are too vehement; you tire me, my love; you overpower me. What was I saying? Oh, my poor head, my poor head.'

He looked about him in a scared manner which pained her very heart.

'My love, we really must settle about it soon. There will be a room to get ready and many things to see to, and she might come, you know.'

Lizzy started up.

'She! My dear uncle, who can you—what do you—mean?'

In a moment she regretted her want of self-command, for his agitation increased.

'My dear, you pain me, you worry me; you are so hasty. If you hurry me in this manner I shall never be able to tell you what I have determined upon.'

This was true enough. That Mr. Archdale should have arrived at any determination by himself was impossible; but, at all events, he must make the communication in his own way. He went on—'What was I saying, my love? oh!—about this governess. Yes, my dear, you are so young, and inexperienced, you know, though you manage very well—very well indeed. I have no fault to find, only of course you are young, you know, and all that, and it takes up your time, and is a dull life for you. And that unhappy girl and her dread-

ful temper. You will excuse me, my dear, but you cannot manage her, so I have arranged for Miss Palgrave to come at once.'

He paused and looked at her with mingled feelings of fear and the triumph of a weak mind asserting for once its own rights in the presence of its master. For some minutes Lizzy could not reply. It was pain to hear such words from her uncle's lips. She, so long his counsellor, his guide, now 'too young—too inexperienced!'

'You know, my dear, you cannot judge as well as I can on these matters, but I assure you everybody is sorry to see you wearing yourself out. Herr Bäulein thinks it quite sad; he highly recommends Miss Palgrave.'

Lizzy flushed crimson at the insult. For the moment, however, her only object must be to soothe her uncle, who, too glad to find his disagreeable communication so quietly received, was able not only to relapse into his usual dependence upon her, but to indulge the inclination of fancying himself quite overcome by the exertions he had made, and to allow her to make much of him for the rest of the day.

It might have been worse. It was a relief to hear that the school-room department was still to be under her control. The governess was not to be independent of her, far less to be in any way set over her, as she at one moment feared; in fact, the ostensible object was one with which it was impossible to find fault. It was to give her more time for society and for herself, more time, as she told herself, to watch the machinations of Herr Bäulein. It was an arrangement which she might even welcome with satisfaction. But Miss Palgrave came 'highly recommended by Herr Bäulein.' What might not this imply?

Decidedly Lizzy was not ready to be favourably impressed with the object of such a recommendation, yet her first impressions were favourable. Miss Palgrave was very small, extraordinarily neat, and of a perfectly white complexion. Not one tinge of colour relieved the deadly white of her face. Her eyes were large and prominent, but of a very light blue, and so transparent that one almost fancied one must see through them. Hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes were of one uniform colour, betraying a highly nervous temperament. Her *ensemble* was perfectly insignificant. The nose crooked, the teeth bad and uneven, the mouth but one thin line. Such a mouth should have told of bad temper, yet no symptom of this appeared, and Lizzy chose to regard those thin, firmly-set lips as indicative rather of patient endurance of a sad, joyless life. Miss Palgrave's manners were gentle and quiet as Lizzy's own, and so unassuming as to dissipate all prejudice. Of Herr Bäulein she knew little or nothing. He had only heard of her through friends, and she had never even seen him.



Lizzy was quite satisfied when she saw the careless bow he bestowed upon his supposed *protégée* when he was introduced to her in the drawing-room at Courtlands. For the rest Miss Palgrave proved a failure. She was a nonentity. Her one strong point was a growing attachment to Lizzy herself. She failed to interest the children, and the faults which, during Miss Archdale's reign, had been kept well in hand, soon became beyond control. Mary was always in tears, the twins in disgrace. Basil was allowed to domineer over Arthur, and Arthur's timidity took the form of slyness. Rosalie's battles with those in authority were of daily occurrence, and confusion reigned in the hitherto quiet schoolroom. Lizzy soon found that, far from affording her relief, Miss Palgrave only added to her cares. Lessons once over, the governess's first object appeared to be so to dispose of the children as to be herself at liberty to devote herself to her dear Miss Archdale, an attention which her dear Miss Archdale by no means appreciated, although too good-natured to forbid it. There was a mysterious power in those large, light, unflinching eyes which made Lizzy exceedingly uncomfortable at first. It was really annoying, the way their owner would sometimes fix them upon her. Sometimes Lizzy believed her to be occupied with a book, but looking up suddenly would find those eyes fixed upon her face. She grew accustomed to it ere long, however, and one day laughingly declared that it was very soothing, and that she really believed Miss Palgrave could put her to sleep by looking at her. Mr. Archdale himself had conceived an unconquerable aversion to the quiet governess, and as schoolroom matters grew rather worse than better, Lizzy at length ventured to suggest to him that they should part with her. As formerly, with regard to Rosalie, his agitation amounted to anger, and she dared not again broach the subject. It was some comfort to see that the dislike to Miss Palgrave which Rosalie shared with him had the one good effect of overcoming the dislike he had entertained for Rosalie. She was occasionally allowed to wait upon him, though the attendance usually terminated in an increase of irritability on one side, and a passion of tears on the other.

Lizzy's only comfort was George Sempton's decided though still undeclared attachment. In this Miss Palgrave evinced a vivid sympathy, far more than Lizzy required. She did not want anybody to watch about and tell her that he was coming down the path, nor did she at all wish him to be so constantly informed of her daily plans. Miss Palgrave was eager on no other subject, and Lizzy felt herself obliged to give a quiet hint, that neither she nor Mr. Sempton required any assistance in their respective duties of hostess and guest.

About this time Lizzy first became conscious that her health was not as good as it had been. She was attacked by the most violent headaches, followed by an overpowering languor and great depression of spirits. She could not keep herself from a morbid brooding over the daily troubles and the future cares which might be in store for her and for those she loved. Should she die, what would become of them? Her position was a strange one; for she considered, with bitter pain, that, though to one and all her presence seemed essential, yet she had failed to keep or to win the love of those who most needed her. Her uncle's irritability with her increased, though he was constantly sending for her, and in spite of all Herr Bäulein's efforts could never be long without her. Rosalie hated her, and yet after every quarrel with others would rush to her for redress and sympathy, and moreover depended upon her in a way ridiculous in a girl of her age.

When matters were at their worst Herr Bäulein stood her friend. He asked her if the new governess suited her, and, reluctant as she was to confide in him, she was drawn into a confession that though she liked Miss Palgrave personally she did not consider her fit for her task.

Next day she surprised Herr Bäulein in the shrubbery, in close conversation with Miss Palgrave, who immediately retreated; her handkerchief to her eyes. The German advanced to explain and apologise.

'I have been sitting with your uncle,' said he, 'and, meeting Miss Palgrave, was not sorry to have a word with her. Having been the means of introducing her to the family, I could not endure to see her adding to your cares instead of lightening them. I have ventured to speak a word to her as a friend, advising her to follow more closely your admirable method with the children. She seems a well meaning person, and ardently attached to you. I hope I have not taken a liberty.'

Lizzy considered that he had, and she answered him as coldly as civility would allow. After this, however, there was decided improvement in the schoolroom, and she thought it much to Miss Palgrave's credit that she should so meekly act upon a reproof from a stranger. It was more than Lizzy herself could have done.

One day Lizzy had an unusually violent attack of headache. She was creeping to her room, utterly unable to keep up any longer, when she encountered Miss Palgrave, who insisted upon following her, showing her every kind attention, and at last sitting by her to stroke her head. It was wonderful what relief this afforded. It seemed to draw out the pain, which ere long yielded to a pleasant drowsiness and in a quarter of an hour she was asleep.



How long she slept she knew not, but she was roused by something cold and wet falling on her ear. She instinctively raised her hand, but it was arrested, and, half opening her eyes, she saw Miss Palgrave bending over her. Then the heavy drowsiness overpowered her again, and she saw no more till after a long sleep she woke to find the evening far advanced, a bright fire, and a cup of tea awaiting her, while her kind nurse was seated at a distance, apparently putting her eyes out over a book. Lizzy watched her for some minutes. So quiet, so motionless was the form, so unmoved the features, that a vague fear stole over her, and she was glad when Miss Palgrave, perceiving that she was awake, arose and came forward.

'Have you really watched me all this time?' exclaimed Lizzy. 'It was very ungrateful of me to feel half afraid of you, as I really did just now. I fancied you were a spirit keeping me down by the power of your will, and that I could not speak till you moved.'

Miss Palgrave was making up the fire. Her face was turned away, and she made no reply.

Lizzy now remembered what she imagined to have been her dream, and she related it.

'It was very vivid,' said she; 'I could have been positive that I saw you.'

'You did,' said Miss Palgrave, still at the fire. 'A fly settled on your ear, and I brushed it off.'

'But my ear really is wet,' exclaimed Lizzy in surprise, as she touched it, and sought her handkerchief. Miss Palgrave turned hastily and forestalled her by passing her own gloved hand over the ear.

'Indeed, you are mistaken, Miss Archdale; I think you are dreaming still.'

Lizzy was still too drowsy to argue. She accepted the tea which Miss Palgrave handed to her, and as she took it, she remarked a high colour on the usually white face.

'You have been burning yourself in my service,' said she reproachfully.

Miss Palgrave looked vexed, and made an indistinct reply.

That night Lizzy had a violent pain in one finger. It continued to increase all the next day, and the doctor pronounced it to be a whitlow.

'A very strange whitlow,' said the old family nurse, with many expressions of contempt for the young doctor. There was no gathering, but the finger was cold and hard as stone. Miss Palgrave's affection was never more evident. She was intensely anxious, almost beside herself, in her solicitude, and timidly suggested a remedy she had met with abroad. She happened to have some of the lotion with her,

and it certainly not only subdued the pain, but restored the finger to a natural state.

The attacks of headache were now still more frequent, and it became a habit for Miss Palgrave to nurse her through them. She was an excellent nurse, so gentle and quiet that Lizzy was hardly conscious of her presence.

‘You must possess wonderful mesmeric powers,’ said Lizzy one day. I really believe you send me to sleep with a touch of your hand.’

Miss Palgrave looked extremely vexed.

‘Miss Archdale, will you be so kind as to promise me never again to allude to such a subject? I know you do not wish to vex me, but I have been brought up in such a horror of mesmerism that it vexes me to have the power attributed to me even in jest. I dare say it is weak, but I cannot help it. Your sleep is but the natural result of exhaustion after excessive pain.’

‘Only, that it comes on now with the pain—and, indeed, I always feel half asleep, I believe. However, nothing could be further from my thought, than the wish to vex you. I will never speak of it again.’

That evening the party after dinner consisted of Mr. Archdale, Lizzy, Mr. Sempton, Herr Baülein, Rosalie, and Miss Palgrave.

Lizzy’s looks bore evidence of her sufferings during the day, and Mr. Sempton regarded her with anxiety. Rosalie’s attention was attracted by his manner, and she abruptly exclaimed with unwonted kindness:

‘Cousin Liz! you do look ill. Those headaches are killing you. I declare Miss Palgrave must have given them to you. You never had them before she came.’

Everybody appeared disconcerted. Mr. Archdale disliked to hear of any illness but his own; Mr. Sempton was vexed, and Lizzy herself looking up suddenly was absolutely appalled at a glance which she intercepted between Herr Baülien and Miss Palgrave. The face of the former was almost distorted with terror; Miss Palgrave’s features, on the contrary, wore a look of defiance, as for half a moment her eyes met his.

Both faces resumed their usual expression in the space of a second, but Lizzy had seen enough to alarm her. Of one thing she felt from that moment certain Miss Palgrave and Herr Baülein had not met for the first time at Courtlands.

While this was passing through her mind the conversation turned on various matters, and Mr. Sempton took up the *Times* to read an article at Mr. Archdale’s request. He was in the act of laying the paper aside when his attention was caught by the heading—‘Another



Mysterious Disappearance ;' and she remarked that more than one paper had lately contained leading articles on the subject.'

'It is quite extraordinary,' said he, 'how, with our excellent police, and with every advantage of rapid communication, people are yet spirited away from among us.'

'Rather say, people spirit themselves away,' said Herr Bäulein, almost rudely ; and he called several instances to support his correction.

Mr. Sempton had well authenticated tales to produce on the other side, and the argument continued with spirit.

After events indelibly impressed the conversation on Lizzy's memory. She remembered how unusually eager Herr Bäulien appeared, and that Mr. Sempton asserted that a growing feeling of uneasiness on the subject existed throughout the country. He reminded them of more than one instance of recent occurrence, of the total and sudden disappearance of the young, the happy, the beautiful from the society of their own and neighbouring counties.

'Should this continue,' said he, 'there must come, ere long, a fearful day of reckoning ; England is the country of freedom.'

Again Lizzy caught a rapid glance between the German and the governess ; but this time the expressions were changed. Fear sat on Miss Palgrave's face, while Herr Bäulein's features wore a look of angry defiance. Lizzy was beyond measure perplexed.

From this time she knew no peace, nor was her distress the less from the impossibility of forming any idea of the nature of the danger. She felt with pain that the welfare of others was in her hand ; yet she knew not how to act ; her drowsiness and languor increased, and it was vain to struggle against them ; her head became confused, and a decision of any kind seemed impossible ; but for this she might have found means to rid herself of Miss Palgrave, whom she now thoroughly distrusted, and whose apparent attachment to her redoubled.

Alas ! the time for action was short, although Lizzy knew it not. Twice only was she roused from her lethargy before the crisis came.

In the drawing-room stood a small table, covered with miniatures. Coming suddenly into the room, Lizzy surprised Miss Palgrave on her knees at this table ; George Sempton's picture was in her hand. She was gazing on it intently, her whole face transformed, while she murmured words which could only be applied to one most dearly loved.

Lizzy stood still from astonishment, until she saw Miss Palgrave raise the picture to her lips. Then she started forward, snatched the miniature from the girl's hands, and stood confronting her.

For one moment miss Palgrave's face assumed a look of terror ; she dropped on her knees ; for that moment Lizzy's brain was perfectly clear ; all langour and confusion had vanished.

‘I love him, I love him!’ exclaimed the governess. ‘What is your love to mine? Tame, cold, heartless as you are, what would it cost you to give up to me this one hope of happiness—you—rich—powerful——’

She stopped suddenly, rose from her knees, and rapidly passed her hand before Lizzy’s eyes. The deadly torpor once more reasserted its sway, and Lizzy dropped senseless into the nearest chair.

When she came to herself she was no longer in the drawing-room. She was lying on a sofa in the school-room, perfectly rigid and powerless. She could neither speak nor move, and though she felt that she was not alone, she could distinguish no one. More than one figure moved about her. Words, indistinct and unintelligible fell on her ear, but conveyed for some time no meaning to her brain. After a while she fancied she recognised the voices of Herr Bäulein and Miss Palgrave; presently she found that she could even repeat to herself all that they were saying, and yet she failed to attach any meaning to the words.

Again she became insensible. Perhaps she slept. At all events she dreamed that she was dead, yet not dead. Dead to all of earth, yet watching over those she loved; watching, not in the spirit but in the body, and yet they knew it not. She was dead—yet not needing burial. She awoke with a start, exclaiming aloud—

‘I am dead, dead, dead, but do not want a coffin.’

There was a hasty noise, as of some one leaving the room, and she turned her head just in time to catch a glimpse of Herr Bäulein and Miss Palgrave ere they disappeared. At the same moment the room was entered by another door, and the querulous voice of her uncle asked, ‘Is anyone here?’ There was no answer, for Lizzy was again speechless. Mr. Archibald and Mr. Sempton advanced without seeing her, for the room was dark and crowded with furniture. They came to look at a picture of which they had been talking, for every room at Courtlands was crowded with works of art. They remained for nearly ten minutes, Mr. Sempton standing so near her that she could almost have touched him. They then went out by the other door, without being aware of her presence. While they were in the room, the mist seemed to roll away from her brain. It was strange, however, that while she was unable to understand what they were saying, the words which she had recently heard, as in a dream, came back clearly and distinctly, with the full meaning attached to them.

The man’s voice had said, in German, ‘It has been badly managed throughout, owing to your confounded weakness for that scamp. I could have done it in half the time alone.’

The woman had replied: ‘Then why did you place me here?’



To which the man: 'Because these are the cases which excite the most suspicion, as you well know, and without mesmerism I had no chance. How could I tell that you would be so weak, so mad. What you have done is this. By failing to concentrate your attention, and by yourself submitting to the very influence which counteracts us, you have placed us in the greatest danger. Should Sempton appear at the last moment, your power over her is gone, unless you can stifle your mad love for him. He is master of you both. All her power will return, as they do return in his presence, and with them will come memory. If so, we are lost. We have now but one chance. It must be concluded at once.'

Said the woman: 'Impossible. I have not the power. I am exhausted. Did I not know him to be in town, I could swear that he is in the house. I am powerless.'

'In town? For how long?'

'Three days at least.'

'Then I have it. If he is away she is safe for forty-eight hours at least. Twenty-four hours of perfect change will restore your powers. We will be off to finish the Chester case, which brooks no long delay, and in which I need your help. On our return you must and shall at once conclude this before his disturbing influence comes back to mar the work. You make your own excuse to the old man. I meet you at —. You are certain about young Sempton?'

'Certain!'

'That is well; adieu!'

'Stay!' said the woman's voice. 'If I do all this for you, if I finish these two diabolical works, then I claim my liberty. I will no longer be worse than a murderess in your hands. I claim my liberty.'

'Your liberty; to return and fling yourself at his feet, knowing that he will scorn you, laugh at you.' . . . .

'My liberty. To return and force him to love me, *as I can*.'

The last words were hissed, rather than spoken, with a terrible emphasis, and they were the last that Lizzy heard.

Mr. Sempton and her uncle had not been gone long before she found herself able to move. Her head ached terribly, but her brain was wonderfully clear. She could think and reason in a way which had been impossible to her for some weeks. What did it all mean? What villany were these people plotting? It was clear that they wished to get her into their power; but what more? Were they going to carry her off? Did they imagine her to be her uncle's heiress? Impossible! She was utterly at a loss; she only knew that she was in very great danger, that the field would be clear for twenty-four hours, and that she must act at once. She pondered on the events of the last few

months. The silent struggle that had been going on between Miss Palgrave and George Sempton, though on his part an unconscious struggle, was now clear as day. His love for her, the thought of which never left her, had unwittingly protected her from all the efforts of her enemy. How could Miss Palgrave gain complete mastery over his will when her whole heart was devoted to another? She could now remember that the days which had been most free from languor and drowsiness had been those on which she had been in his company. Another thing struck her forcibly: Herr Baülein's absence from Chadport had been long and frequent, and, when he was away, she was certain Miss Palgrave's power over her grew less. It seemed as though, in his absence, his agent allowed other thoughts to interfere with that concentration of purpose which was essential to the end in view. Her power over her victim languished as she, too, allowed George Sempton to occupy her attention.

(To be continued).

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## ‘LOVE IS ENOUGH.’ \*

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A MORALITY, Mr. Morris calls it; and such is its true description. We are bound to say that we do not expect it to be so wonderfully popular as either the ‘Jason’ or the ‘Paradise.’ The people of this time are not of the seriously reflective turn which seems to have been prevalent in the middle ages; and they wouldn’t take twenty allegories or moralities for one good story. Now it has been Mr. Morris’s lot to tell more good stories than any poet of our day, and he has found a rapid popularity in consequence; having devoted a whole volume to expound what may be a new form of belief to most people, he must not wonder if he find his readers somewhat fewer, but must resolve to weigh them rather by their quality than their quantity.

Not as a story must his new book be judged; nor are there any contemporary books with which it may be compared. What tale there is in it is entirely subordinate to the doctrine, if so we may call it, which the poet would teach. — Naturally the contents are divisible into four distinct parts—those taken by the deity Love, by the players, the spectators, and the personages of the morality. Yet these parts are so intertwined with one another that they form one harmonious whole. The story of Pharamond the Freed is enacted before an emperor, an empress, and their folk. This story is broken into fragments by interludes of music and by speeches of Love, who stands outside as interpreter of the play, and yet, with mediæval licence, is allowed at one period to take a share in its action. But spectators, play, players, music, and Love himself have all the same thought to express—the supremacy of Love. Giles and Joan, the peasants, are one pair of lovers; the Emperor and Empress, another pair; Pharamond and Azalais, a

\* LOVE IS ENOUGH: A MORALITY. By William Morris. London: Ellis and White 29, New Bond Street.

third pair; and the actors who represent them, yet a fourth pair. Even the pompous Mayor, who devised the show, was constrained to do so by Love. Pharamond's councillors, it is true, seem to know little of the mighty god, except good Master Oliver, who had lost all his loves but one—his dear sovereign :—

Too surely meseemeth  
He seeth me not, and knoweth no more!  
Me that have loved him. Woe worth the while, Pharamond,  
That men should love aught, love always as I loved.  
Mother and sister and the sweetling that scorned me  
The wind of the autumn-tide over them sweepeth,  
All are departed but this one, the dear one. . . .

The central figure of the poem is Love—whom Mr. Morris has portrayed as an actual existence. But before entering upon an examination of his attributes, it would be well, perhaps, to sketch the course of the story as briefly as may be.

Emperor, Empress and people having assembled, the music begins, of which this is the first theme :—

LOVE IS ENOUGH : have no thought for to-morrow  
If ye lie down this even in rest from your pain,  
Ye who have paid for your bliss with great sorrow ;  
For as it was once so it shall be again.

Which is enforced by this beautiful close :—

Ah, what shall we say then, but that earth threatened often  
Shall live on for ever that such things may be,  
That the dry seed shall quicken, the hard earth shall soften,  
And the spring-bearing birds flutter north o'er the sea,  
That earth's garden may bloom round my love's feet and me.

Majesty then favourably criticises the aspect of the players, who stand before the curtain as the music is sung; and afterwards enters Love, crowned as a king, who prologises :—

On this day my crown is not of death :  
My fire-tipped arrows and my kindling breath  
Are all the weapons I shall need to-day.

And then the play proper begins.

King Pharamond has become a mystery to his councillors. The warlike monarch who established firmly a powerful kingdom in five years, becomes listless and sad; neglects everything which it was once his delight to cherish :—



Yea, look you, my lords, if a body late dead  
In the lips and the cheeks should gain some little colour,  
And arise and wend forth with no change in the eyes,  
And wander about as if seeking its soul—  
Lo, e'en so sad is my lord and my master ;  
Yea, e'en so far hath his soul drifted from us.

Tried in the hunt, he is like 'King Nimrod carved fair on the back of  
the high seat ;' aboard the Great Dragon—

It scarce had seemed stranger  
If from the ship Argo in seemly wise woven  
On the guard-chamber hangings, some early grey dawning  
Great Jason had cried, and his golden locks wavered ;

in the joust he was as 'red Mars in the council-room window'—in the  
seat of Justice as 'King Minos in marble there carven.' So the  
councillors and Master Oliver despair ; but a certain rough northern  
lord will take the matter in his own hands, and harshly bespeaks his  
sovereign :—

Is it false what the chapmen have told us,  
And are thy fair robes all thou hast of a king ?

But Pharamond has not even strength to persist in his anger against  
such insolence, and quickly sheathes his drawn sword in meek sub-  
mission.

Then music breaks in, telling of the strange growth of love :—

It sprang without sowing, it grew without seeding,  
Ye knew not its name and ye knew not its measure,  
Ye noted it not mid your hope and your pleasure ;  
There was pain in its blossom, despair in its seeding,  
But day-long your bosom now nurseth its treasure.

Love, clad as an image-maker, shows how he has sown in the mind of  
Pharamond the seeds of love, which have so wrought within him  
that

Now must he tear the armour from his breast,  
And cast aside all things that men deem best,  
And single-hearted for his longing strive  
That he at last may save his soul alive.

Accordingly in the scene following Pharamond tells his foster-father  
of the dreams that haunt him ever : such love-sick fancies that Master  
Oliver cannot believe he is listening to the 'Freed and the Freer, the  
wise, the World's Wonder.' The most beautiful passages of the poem  
perhaps to be found in these dreams of the king. However Oliver

mislikes them, he fully submits himself to the will of his fosterling, and goes in fine to seek the keel which shall bear them on that quest he thinks so vain.

Of love which may not be bought, now speaks the Music :—

Wherewith will ye buy it, ye rich who behold me?  
 Draw out from your coffers your rest and your laughter,  
 And the fair gilded hope of the dawn coming after!  
 Nay this I sell not,—though ye bought me and sold me,—  
 For your house stored with such things from threshold to rafter—  
 —Pass by me, I hearken, and think of you not!

And Love, clad now as a Maker of Pictured Cloth, tells of her whom Pharamond seeks :—

For her no marvel of the night I make,  
 Nor keep my dream-smiths' drowsy heads awake;  
 Only about her have I shed a glory  
 Whereby she waiteth trembling for a story  
 That she shall play in,—and 'tis not begun.

Years have passed since the king fled his realm, and he, with his faithful fosterer, have at length, unknowingly, come to the land of the loved one. Many are the troubles they have safely passed—war, pestilence, famine, slavery, and beggary—as Oliver tells in a most masterly thirty lines, which those who have been wont to accuse Mr. Morris of garrulity had better read with care. Arrived in the yew-wood of which he has dreamt so often, Pharamond falls asleep despairing—in such wise that his comrade cannot but fear it may be the slumber of death which has overcome him.

Here the Music sings of a combat with what seemed to be Love, and of a dear-bought victory, which happily proved but a triumph over a Shadow of the Night, so that yet 'Love lived to seek;' and the song closes in faith:

With the host of his faithful through sorrow and bliss  
 My Lord goeth forth now and claims me for his.

Love appears with a cup of bitter drink, and his hands bloody, and grieves over poor Pharamond's sorrows, though exhorting his faithful ones to believe in the kindness of old days. In the very brief scene which follows, the king, having left the yew-wood, is now on the highway near it, a mist being over all things. Still weaker than before, he lies down, fully believing that his end has come; and Oliver, with but faint hope, seeks a homestead nigh at hand, which he espies as the mist begins to clear.



A triumphant measure now bursts forth :—

Live on, for Love liveth and earth shall be shaken  
By the wind of his wings on the triumphing morning  
When the dead and their deeds that die not shall awaken,  
And the world's tale shall sound in your trumpet of warning,  
And the sun smite the banner called Scorn of the Scorning,  
And dead pain ye shall trample, dead fruitless desire  
As ye wend to pluck out the new world from the fire.

Love is now clad as a pilgrim, girt for the succour of his faithful servant, and goes forth upon the stage to speak with Pharamond, who, weary as he is, even deems it to be Death who awakens him. But while they talk, lo ! Azalais comes, singing on her way the sweetest melodies, of dawn, of morn, of day, of night—strains that Pharamond had known of old in dreams. Azalais discovers the king asleep, and loves his beauty as he lies there. Fearing yet hoping for his waking, she sits by him ; yet can she not refrain from touching his hands, from kissing him, and so bringing about that which she dreads. But when he does wake he dispels her fears, and the scene closes with the complete bliss of these two souls at last made one.

Love's sweetness now fills the Music :—

Ah, what was all dreaming of pleasure anear you  
To the time when his eyes on your wistful eyes turned,  
And ye saw his lips move and his head bend to hear you,  
As new-born and glad to his kindness ye yearned ?

Clad still as a pilgrim, Love enters to tell how Pharamond, though fulfilled of all happiness with his love in her own country, yet will return to his kingdom with Oliver to see if his people still remember him. So, in the scene following, the king and his foster-father are home again ; where they find themselves utterly forgotten, whilst the new king and his councillor are well-beloved indeed ; though Pharamond says :—

Better counsel in king-choosing might I have given  
Had ye bided my coming back hither, my people ;

and it is plain that the councillor Honorius has hardly full trust in the might of his master, for he prays God to

Send the Gold lords away satisfied  
That the old sword of Pharamond, lying asleep there,  
In the new golden scabbard, will yet bite as aforetime.

Pharamond, however, will not stoop to re-conquer the affections of his ancient people :—

Shall I, who was king once, grow griping and weary  
In unclosing the clenched fists of niggards who hold them,  
These gifts that I had once, and, having, scarce heeded ?

No; in scorn he apostrophises people, king, and councillor—bids them pass on their way undisturbed by him—

For your dull morrow cometh that is as to-day is;  
and he turns back to his love, crying—

O sweet wind of the summertide, broad moon a-whitening,  
Bear me witness to Love, and the world he has fashioned!  
It shall change, we shall change, as through rain and through sunshine  
The green rod of the rose-bough to blossoming changeth.  
Still lieth in wait with his sweet tale untold of  
Each long year of Love, and the first scarce beginneth  
Wherein I have hearkened to the word God hath whispered  
Why the fair world was fashioned mid wonders uncounted.

Then comes the last and sweetest strain of music—the call of Love to his faithful ones:—

Cry out, for one heedeth, who leadeth you home!

and the morality is closed by Love, with crown and palm-branch, who mystically declares of whom his kingdom shall be. He addresses the people:

Have faith, and crave and suffer, and all ye  
The many mansions of my house shall see  
In all content. \* \* \* \*

. . . . Fear not, I say again; believe it true  
That not as men mete shall I measure you.

\* \* \* \* \*

For whatso folly is, or wisdom was,  
Across my threshold naked all must pass.  
Fear not; no vessel to dishonour born  
Is in my house; there all shall well adorn.  
The walls whose stones the lapse of Time has laid.

\* \* \* \* \*

Is the house finished? Nay, come help to build  
Walls that the sun of sorrow once did gild  
Through many a bitter morn and hopeless eve,  
That so at last in bliss ye may believe;  
Then rest with me and turn no more to tears,  
For then no more by days and months and years,  
By hours of pain come back, and joy passed o'er,  
We measure time that was—and is no more.

So he ends; and Giles and Joan are sorry to have seen the last of a tale that has pleased them so well. Presently they resolve to bring the player and his wife to spend some time with them at their stead; whilst the Emperor and his consort are so well pleased also that they must bestow gifts upon the players.



Rightly or wrongly, we find neither in Pharamond nor in Azalais any strong human interest; their story concerns not so much themselves individually as the whole body of the servants of Love. They are images by which the peasants, the imperial pair—yea, the player-folk themselves—are taught how the great master works in the world. So that the true central figure of this noble poem is Love; and we might even go so far as to say that in it Mr. Morris has ventured to preach a new gospel. It is rather the enforcement of one branch of the old gospel, however, than the proclamation of a new one. Our own Christian creed is that God is Love; but that Love is not the Love of Mr. Morris. Yet, with that mixture of Christian with Pagan emblems which characterised the mediæval miracle-plays, our poet has endowed the gospel of his Love with many of the doctrines which shine in the Christian gospel, as will be seen by some of our latest quotations. His Love is not, however, the pagan Cupid alone, but a deity fashioned from the experience of lovers in all ages; who is even *now* being fashioned, as is that House of which Love speaks in the play. But is it not so, too, even with our God, the Almighty, and with His house, which is Heaven? Is not our God even now being fashioned in our thoughts? is not our Heaven even now being built by our desires?

It is perhaps well for the artistic beauty of the poem that no higher power than *this* Love should be recognised through the whole course of its story; but to many, and to us amongst them, such a divinity is not 'enough.' The love of soul to soul is the most beautiful and most complete love of which we can know on earth; but when we idealise it into an abstraction, and try to worship it, we find it but a poor divinity. Gleams of the divine brighten it, but these are but reflections from the Great Power who created it.† This Love is enough for earthly happiness; but surely we err when we make it the end of our being, nor seek to find in it means whereby we may glorify the Power who has blessed us with it. When we have gained this Love, our highest hope for earth is won: but oh, even in straining it to our bosom and blessing it, we look on to the future—the future which is brighter for that which has brightened the present by bringing to us the surest promise of immortality we can gain. This Love is enough, if we compare it with riches, or fame, or rank; yet it stirs us to seek even these so contemptible things wherewith to celebrate its triumph the more fitly. But though Love is enough for them, it cannot be right and well for two of the children of the universe to shroud themselves in their own happiness, and to take no heed of their brethren and sisters around who need their help, to take no heed of the progress of that family of which they form a part, and whose fate shall

be either better or worse for the separate as well as the collective work of its members.

We must not say that Mr. Morris does not hold such thoughts as these—for the spirit of other of his tales would rise in witness against us. But we are sorry that here, in this exquisitely beautiful work, he has left this earthly Love supreme, has made him no servant of an Almighty Master, but simply Almighty—as indeed we know he is, although in subjection. Saying this, we do not wish to be thought as censuring the poet: this is a matter foreign to art, and only relates to individual feeling upon this question of Love.

The variety of Mr. Morris's work and the originality of each successive book charm and delight us. From the chaste monotone of 'Jason,' classically severe in its refinement from end to end, we passed to the subtly mixed harmonies of the 'Paradise'—each tale in which is a new wonder. Then came 'Grettir,' and we marvelled at its sturdy quaint prose, yet so full of music; and so, too, with the 'Volsunga Saga.' Mr. Morris is no player of a one-stringed harp—but an artist who will seek and find his music wherever men have lived, and loved, and toiled, and died. In this last work, this 'Love is Enough,' he shows his lyric power more conclusively than ever before; and the verses given to the musicians (from which we have largely quoted) prove our poet to be strong indeed where we little suspected his strength. So again with the new measure (adapted from that old one familiar to us in 'Piers Plowman'), in which the play is written. That Mr. Morris could tell a tale with greater freedom and greater grace than any English poet was well known; but that he, too, was master of the might and grandeur of verse had not been proved. But this new poem abounds with passages of the most heroic ring:—

Who shall ever forget it? the dead face of thy father,  
And thou in thy fight-battered armour above it,  
Mid the passion of tears long held back by the battle,  
And thy rent banner o'er thee and the ring of men mail-clad.  
Hearken yet! through that whirlwind of danger and battle,  
Beaten back, struggling forward, we fought without blemish  
On my banner spear-rent in the days of my father,  
On my love of the land and the longing I cherished,  
For a tale to be told when I, laid in the minster,  
Might hear it no more; was it easy of winning  
Our bread of those days?

Thou rememberest a year ago now when the legate  
Of the Lord of the Waters brought here a broad letter  
Full of prayers for good peace and our friendship thenceforward—  
He who erst set a price on the lost head of Pharamond—



How I bade him stand up on his feet and be merry,  
Eat his meat by my side and drink out of my beaker,  
In memory of days when my meat was but little  
And my drink drunk in haste between saddle and straw.

Full of a different glory are these following lines :

Yet if thou shouldst ask for a sign from that country,  
What have I to show thee ? I plucked a blue milk-wort  
From amidst of the field where she wandered fair-footed—  
It was gone when I wakened—and once in my wallet  
I set some grey stones from the way through the forest—  
They were gone when I wakened—and once as I wandered  
A lock of white wool from a thorn bush I gathered—  
It was gone when I wakened—the name of that country—  
Nay, how should I know it ?

We need not say that there are many most exquisite pictures scattered through the book, in that old manner which we love so well. Here are two; the first from the speech of Azalais to her sleeping lover :—

Sweet thy awaking amidst of the wonder  
Where thou art, who is nigh thee—and then when thou seest  
How the rose-boughs hang in o'er the little loft-window,  
And the blue bowl with roses is close to thine hand,  
And over thy bed is the quilt sewn with lilies,  
And the loft is hung round with the green Southland hangings,  
And all smelleth sweet as the low door is opened.

The second is from the talk of the peasants when the play is over.

GILES.—Come, o'er much gold mine eyes have seen,  
And long now for the pathway green  
And rose-hung ancient walls of grey—  
Yet warm with sunshine gone away.

JOAN.—Yea, full fain would I rest thereby  
And watch the flickering martins fly  
About the long eave-bottles red,  
And the clouds lessening overhead :  
E'en now meseems the cows are come  
Unto the grey gates of our home,  
And low to hear the milking-pail :  
The peacock spreads abroad his tail  
Against the sun, as down the lane  
The milkmaids pass the moveless wain  
And stable-door, where the roan team  
An hour ago began to dream  
Over the dusty oats.

Never have we read in poetry so sweet a rustic scene as this. Full of movement, and sound, and colour, we have Joan's homestead clearly

in our eyes as the story ends ; and we want no more to think if the doctrine of the poet be sound—we are well content with ourselves and with the weary world.

In closing this notice of the most remarkable poem of the year just gone, we trust we have held up some glimmering light by which the outlines of the work may be descried ; and we trust that our extracts, carefully chosen, may help our readers, who have not seen the book itself, to appreciate the beauty and skill of its execution. This 'Love is Enough' is one of those gem-like works of poetry which are joys for ever to those who are so happy as to have read them. Should even the leaves in our laureate's crown wither, it proves that the gift of song shall not die out from England whilst this poet, now but in the first bloom of his genius, shall live to work for us.

GEORGE FRASER.



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*Napoleon*

*(From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.)*

DRAWN BY G. F. WINTER.

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.